

# THE RAMBLER.

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PART XV.

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## THE PATRIOTIC FUND AND PROSELYTISM.

“HEAVEN helps those who help themselves.” We are sometimes tempted to wish that we could convert this proverb into a kind of ball, or bolus, and cram it down the throats of sundry noisy agitators who content themselves with crying out against the proceedings of people who wish to turn our children and our poor into apostates, as if this crying out were the panacea for all our ills. Of all the shoutings, and hallooings, and speech-makings, and letter and article-writings, to which the facilities of tongue and print condemn us in this present day, there are few more aimless and wearisome than those which are expended in demonstrating the rascality of Protestants in trying to bring us over to their religion. Far be it from us, indeed, to wish to stay the exposure of the smallest facts which take place, or to deny the immense importance of a thorough knowledge of all the proceedings of our adversaries. The class of persons whom we long to persuade to silence, are those blustering individuals who fancy that mere talk will actually stop proselytism; that by abusing Lord Shaftesbury, Dr. Cumming, or the Patriotic Fund Commissioners, or by denouncing the Government as devils incarnate (or something very like it), we shall really put an end to the efforts of those who are prepared to leave no stone unturned to pervert those who are helpless among us.

This class of persons have one idea only of the way to do good, namely, to do as much harm as possible to the characters of those who are opposed to them. Their great argument in favour of Catholicism is the wickedness of Protestants. Their grand panacea for the cure of all our ills, is the free “exhibition” (as doctors say of their physic) of all the hard words in the dictionary and out of it. If we want to educate the poor, to keep Catholics from apostatising, and to succour the widow and the orphan, all that is needed, it seems, is to show up the zeal of Protestants for their destruction, and to impute to every Protestant a deliberate

desire to consign all Catholic children to hell. And if any Catholics take the extreme liberty of thinking that knocking a man down is not exactly the way to get him to do what you want, they are supposed to be guilty of a sort of complicity in treason to the Church, and in cold blood to have bartered their independence for a mess of pottage.

From this system of universal vituperation various untoward results follow. One is, that, in a state of things like the present, many well-meaning persons are driven into that very course which the lovers of hard words profess to deprecate. Such persons know quite enough about the matter to perceive that this scheme of action will never do, that it is founded on injustice, and that it is in direct contradiction to the system which the Church, by her highest authority, has invariably acted upon in her dealings with the world. At the same time, not being sufficiently clear-sighted to see what is the really wisest course to pursue, and excited and irritated by the storm of personalities which rattles like hail about their ears, they rush to the opposite extreme, and become the most obedient and helpless servants of the temporal power, or of the un-Catholic spirit, in whatever shape it is embodied. Strong as is the taste for personalities in human nature, and delicious as it no doubt is to see a disagreeable adversary cut up into controversial mince-meat, there is a large number of persons who instinctively know that no practical good was ever accomplished by crying out; and they turn with sympathy to any thing that seems practical, business-like, and definite, even though mixed up with elements of the most objectionable kind. A man who, instead of talking grandly, sets about acting quietly, thereby presents to many minds an irresistible argument that he is in the right, whatever may be *said* against him.

So, too, these ceaseless assaults on individuals, whether Protestants or not, inevitably produce a large amount of sympathy with them, however culpable they may really be. You may blackguard a rogue till people come to think him a virtuous and much-injured man. It is the worst possible policy to overstate your case against an adversary, in the long-run. You may run a man down by the mere force of your tongue, for a time; silencing him, frightening him, and making your hearer's hair stand on end with your denunciations of his villanies. But wait awhile and see the result. Before you have well recovered from the hoarseness you have contracted in your oratorical efforts, people begin to suspect *you*; they see plainly that you have overdone it; and their sympathies arise for those whom they think you have treated with in-

justice. We are convinced that many and many a Catholic, both English and Irish, in every rank of society, has been driven to a dangerous subservience to Protestants, by the exaggeration of the misdoings of individuals which forms the staple of a certain portion of our stock-in-trade. There is a much better way to neutralise the baneful influence of people with any pretensions; namely, to "damn them with faint praise." There is a common saying, that no man worth any thing was ever *written down* except by himself. It is equally true that we cannot permanently talk a man down by the mere force of Billingsgate.

Of course, we do not for an instant pretend that it is not a very desirable thing to show up Protestantism and Protestants, and the proceedings of questionable Catholics, with all the vigour of argument and all the vivacity of ridicule, provided this is done in moderation, and without personalities; and above all, provided we do not imagine that this is any thing more than a preliminary to action on our own parts. That which we complain of is, that too many people abuse Protestants for doing what, *as Protestants*, they are bound to do, or what they at least consider to be for the good of mankind; while, and at the same time, they neglect setting about that course of *action* which alone can counteract the mischief they foresee. The system we protest against is that which actually aggravates the evils it pretends to prevent, by irritating our enemies to still further dislike to us, and leading them to believe that we are a set of uproarious, boisterous, empty talkers, who, instead of doing our own duty on our own principles, abuse them for doing their duty on their principles.

The present moment is one when, perhaps more than at any season for a long time past, it is of vital consequence that we should recognise the truth, that acting, and not talking, is the way to do good and prevent mischief. We have, moreover, recently had an instance of the practical advantages to be gained by acting instead of talking, which is pregnant with instruction. Every body knows that a good many Catholic nuns are engaged in tending the sick and wounded at Scutari, that they are sent out by Government, and that they act under Miss Nightingale, who is not a Catholic. Now to some intensely keen-sighted individuals, this appears a most improper and unprincipled proceeding. What! a heretic order a Catholic nun here and there at her own good pleasure! What a violation of Catholic principles! What a wicked "coalition of creeds!" What abominable and un-Catholic latitudinarianism! At any rate, if the class of persons of whom we speak do not *think* this, they *say*



it, or something like it. But what is the fact? The fact is, that no religious principle whatever is involved in the matter. Miss Nightingale is no more the Superior of the Catholic nuns, than the Protestant doctor who tells the mother-superior of a convent that Sister So-and-so is troubled with dyspepsia, and must be careful about her diet. A priest going to visit a sick person might as reasonably refuse to be driven by a Protestant cabman, as our nuns to take the places in the hospitals at Scutari allotted to them by Miss Nightingale. *The real Superior of the nuns at Scutari is the Catholic ecclesiastical authority who sent them out.* Miss Nightingale is no more their superior than the colonel of a regiment is the superior of the Catholic chaplain. To talk of such an arrangement as a religious compromise is simply without meaning. As for ourselves, we rejoice at what has been done. Not only have incalculable benefits been secured to our sick and dying Catholic soldiers, but an intercourse has arisen between our nuns and clergy on the one hand, and the best class of Protestants on the other, which cannot do the former harm, and must do the latter good. It is on such occasions that we rejoice to see Catholics mingle with Protestants, just as when they mix with the worst classes of Protestants we see that nothing but harm can result. The more we share *good works* with our professed enemies, the less will be their bitterness against us. It leads them to see us as we are in reality, and not as we *appear* in the newspaper or on the platform. Even if the whole scheme fails, we shall be of the same opinion, holding that it was an experiment well worth the trying. Are those who oppose it prepared to accept the alternative of allowing our sick and wounded Catholic soldiers *to be committed to the charge of Protestant nurses alone?*

This result, however, is but the first instalment of the advantages to religion which this war will ensure to us, if only we have sense and self-denial enough to turn our opportunities to account. We have no hesitation in saying, that it entirely rests with ourselves whether the Patriotic Fund becomes to us a source of immense good or of frightful evils. This collection is already more than half-a-million in amount, and we Catholics have professedly and in fact a claim upon it to the full extent of the proportion of Catholic soldiers in the army engaged in the war. Now, what may we fairly expect will be the effect of the employment of this large sum of money on the faith and morals of our widows and orphans? The whole question, we are told, depends upon the constitution of the commission appointed to manage the Fund, and upon the Government of the day, among whom, no doubt, the War-



Minister in such a case would have an influential voice. And as this commission happens to include just *two* Catholics, we may rest satisfied, it is said, with the conviction that hundreds and thousands of our orphans, not to mention poor and desolate widows, will be bribed into desertion of the religion of their fathers. And the true preventive of this impending mischief is supposed to be unsparing abuse of the Government for not having given Catholicism a strong numerical influence in the commission, with denunciations of the wickedness of all attempts at proselytism. We need not add, that this is so very cheap and easy a method for satisfying our consciences and discharging our own duty towards our fellow-Catholics, that it presents irresistible attractions to those who believe in the powers of talk.

But now, setting aside party cant and conventional clap-trap, what is the real state of the case? In the first place, any introduction of a large body of Catholic names into the commission was practically impossible. No government could have attempted it, for the Protestant feeling of the country would not have tolerated it for an instant. It is absurd to blame a man for not doing what could not have been done. The accusation also is based upon a transparent fallacy. It is imagined that there ought to have been several Catholics among the commissioners, because so many of those who are to benefit by the Fund are Catholics. If one-third of the army is Catholic—as it is—why should not one-third of the commissioners, it is argued, be Catholic also? The answer is ready on the part of the Queen and her advisers; the persons who *contribute* to the Fund are nearly all Protestants; or if not nearly all in numbers, certainly an immense proportion of the entire sum of money comes from Protestant hands. Is it credible, then, that when nineteen-twentieths of the Fund is provided by Protestants, they would endure to see it distributed by a body of men of whom one-third, or more, were Catholics? Nobody really supposes that such a thing could be. Should *we* act on such a rule, if the relative numbers were reversed? Most undoubtedly not; for we consider, as every body does, that the distributors of a fund should represent the donors, and not the receivers of the bounty.

Can we, then, trust this commission, as it stands, not to suffer it to be perverted to the purposes of proselytism? Considering the respectability of its members, the undoubted honesty of many of them, and the definite promises given on the side of fairness, ought we to be satisfied, and leave them to do their work at their own discretion? Not for a single moment. We are as confident as that the commission exists,

that it *will* become an instrument of frightful perversions if left to itself and to the resources it will command. It cannot be otherwise. All the good intentions of its members themselves could not prevent it. If one third of the commission were Catholics of the most prudent and the most zealous description, they could not prevent it. England being what it is, and with the machinery which the commissioners must, as things now stand, employ for the distribution of their bounty, we look on it as out of the question to suppose that the souls of our widows and orphans will not be made to suffer while their temporal interests are advanced. Nor shall we blame the commissioners themselves for this result. Of course, we blame every man who is not a Catholic for not being one; but when a man *is* a Protestant, it is extravagant to condemn him for being insensibly biassed by his own convictions in his employment of sums of money intrusted to his distribution. We should be the same ourselves. If we had the distribution of half-a-million of money among the widows and orphans of the army, we *could* not help employing, and with satisfaction too, a purely Catholic instrumentality for their relief and education, if no Protestant machinery was offered to us by Protestants themselves. We should not consider ourselves bound to go out of our way to devise institutions for the preservation of the Protestantism, "pure and undefiled," of the wives and children of non-Catholic soldiers. It would not be our business to leave no stone unturned in order to bring up several thousand children in the "doctrines" of the 'Thirty-nine Articles, or the Assembly's Catechism. We should take the machinery that we found prepared by circumstances, and be perfectly satisfied with it; and if it turned out that, somehow or other, the children of Scotch Calvinists and English Churchmen grew up with a strong predilection for saying the "Hail Mary," and believed in purgatory, we should be rather glad of it than otherwise.

And so will it be in the opposite direction. The force of circumstances, defying all the zeal for religious equality, or religious indifference, of certain influential members of the commission, will infallibly give a proselytising direction to their labours. They cannot help yielding to the influence. In their secret hearts, if they care about religion at all, they must be pleased, rather than grieved, to see Protestantism spreading by any means not positively dishonourable; and to expect from them that they will not in the slightest degree allow their various regulations to be coloured by these feelings, is to look for more than ever was got out of human nature, Catholic and Protestant alike.

Then how is this to be prevented? By writing against it? by speaking against it? by petitioning against it? by exacting more rigid engagements of impartiality? by abusing the commission like pickpockets? by showing up every instance of proselytism that we can hear of in the newspapers? No; but by ourselves preparing the proper organisation for the care of our own Catholic widows, and the education of our own Catholic children. If the commission does mischief, we may bawl till doomsday, with no other effect than that of making matters worse than before. The least narrow-minded or least zealous portion of their body will regret, and apologise, and promise, and patch up matters a little, and be really extremely annoyed; but as for the red-hot zealots, the wooden-headed majority, and the angry and irritable-tempered, they will just hold their tongues, and set to work harder than ever to pervert the faith of those in whose behalf we worry them. We shall "take nothing by our motion." A thousand-horse power of abuse would leave our poor just where they were before. The old poets made Orpheus build cities by the sweet strains of melody; they never took a brawny fellow brandishing a stout shillelagh, and longing to crack his neighbours' skulls, as an allegorical representation of that strength which raises a noble structure from the desert plain. Suppose we do establish beyond the possibility of doubt, not only that the commissioners, but all the ministry, are engaged in a deadly plot against us,—what then? While we are sitting over our dinner-tables, and demonstrating to the meanest capacities,—or, at any rate, to our own,—that Lord Panmure is a noodle, and Lord Palmerston a villain, and Mr. Gladstone a prig, there is little Barney Brannagan in the street, without shoes or stockings, and the whole number of his tattered garments amounting to two, quietly going to be entrapped into some establishment where he will be taught to swear at the Pope, and laugh at the Blessed Virgin. While we are eloquent, souls are lost; while we demolish Protestant reputations, Protestants destroy Catholic souls.

There is but one remedy. *We must find the necessary organisation ourselves.* We, as Catholics, and represented by our proper ecclesiastical authorities, or by those authorised by them, must come forward and say to the Government and the commissioners, "We have every thing ready; schools, hospitals, orphanages, and every requisite machinery for distributing alms: we will give you every possible security for the employment of our portion of the funds; we will guarantee them against waste and misappropriation; and you yourselves shall continually inspect our proceedings to any extent you desire." Unless we come forward with some such offers as these, all



the eloquence and all the arguing in the world will be fruitless. Protestants think, and justly, that if we really care for our poor, we *shall* find the means to do this. They consider that if, when *they* find the money, we do not find the men, the clergy, the nuns, and the schoolmasters, to employ it, our professions are hollow, our principles mere humbug. Can we with any face pretend the contrary, if we stand still, and see Lord Shaftesbury, and Lord Blandford, and the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the rest of them, organise a system which must, by the mere effect of its active operation, absorb our fellow-Catholics into itself? Is it not our boast, that when it comes to practical benevolence, the truth of Catholicism is shown by the skill, the self-denial, and the devotion with which clergy and laity, religious and secular, alike become all things to all men? Are we not incessantly contrasting the zeal and readiness for work of our unmarried clergy with the comfortable luxuriousness of the married ministry of the Establishment? Do we not smile at the spasmodic efforts of Anglicanism to produce genuine and thorough-going nuns? Is it not our glory, that for every philanthropic purpose we have our own proper instrumentality ready for all emergencies? Above all, do we not believe that apostasy from Catholicism is a mortal sin, while few Protestants are so absurd as to maintain that a Protestant who becomes a Catholic is thereby guilty of a damnable offence; so that our *motives* for labouring to preserve the poor man's faith are far greater than those which can influence any one who is not a Catholic?

And, certainly, never before in the memory of us all was such a golden opportunity offered to us. A striking and happy change has taken place in the temper of the nation towards our faith. Bigoted and irrational as it still is, it is disposed to give us a larger measure of justice than it ever was before. Never, since the Reformation, was so much held out to us, if we will but come forward. But come forward we must. It is futile to imagine that the better-disposed members of the commission can come forward the whole way, and find us out, and stir us up to do our duty, and stand still at our gate and wait our royal pleasure, and meekly ask our royal approbation before they take a single step in a business of the most pressing urgency. *Rusticus expectat dum defluat amnis.* Are we to stand still, and move nothing except our tongues, and expect the world to right itself, and the devil to become a pious Christian, and those who hate us to undertake our special work?

Once more, we repeat, we must find the organisation for the Catholic portion of those who are left desolate. We must

find out the proper persons to whom the work is to be intrusted; we must point to this place and that place, and be able to say, there is a beginning made; every one you send us we will take charge of. To make this beginning we must find funds of our own; for though the commission may be willing to intrust us with the disbursement of large sums when the needful institutions are in existence and at work, they will *not*, we may be assured, enable us to begin entirely on new foundations.

The question then is, Have we brains, have we practical capacity, have we perseverance, have we self-sacrifice enough, to take this matter in hand? Have we priests, have we nuns, have we schoolmasters and mistresses, have we co-operating ladies and gentlemen, who are equal to the emergency of the times? Or are we to grumble and to fail? To talk and to do nothing? To fold our hands, look pious, and shed sorrowful tears over the ruin of our fellow-Catholics, and say it is very sad, but it can't be helped, and it is no fault of ours? No doubt we should find many difficulties in doing what is necessary. Of course we should. Was any good thing ever done without difficulties? Priests are scarce, so are nuns, so are schoolmasters, so are useful laymen, so is money. Still, have we not brains, have we not a golden opportunity, have we not the cause of God to labour for, and the blessing of God awaiting our efforts? And shall it be said, that as soon as the tide turned a little in our favour, and our Protestant fellow-countrymen gave us a chance of employing for the good of the poor about one-third of half-a-million of money, we shrugged our shoulders, and only said, "We are very sorry, but we don't know how to turn it to any account?"

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## COMPTON HALL;

OR,

*The Recollections of Mr. Benjamin Walker.*

### CHAPTER VI.

DR. HERMANN STEINKOPF. INSULT ADDED TO INJURY.

IN the course of the day I rode over to Compton Hall, preferring horseback to any species of carriage, as I had heard that Miss Compton, the "squire," had a particular predilection for horsemanship, and thought a man effeminate who "rode in a coach" when he could bestride a saddle. As I am

also, I believe, a pretty good rider, I was the more ready to choose this means of locomotion; and a very respectable hack being offered to me for hire, I was not without hopes of having some opportunity for displaying my powers of equestrianism before that very spirited lady. I have always observed, that though men are rendered a little jealous by seeing other men ride, or do any thing particularly well, women are not so; just as a man is less vexed by a woman's successes than by those of his brethren in the male sex. Making sure, therefore, of the capacities of my nag for a good leap or gallop, and dropping as much of the cockney *littérateur* as possible in my dress, I cantered leisurely over to the Hall.

I found it a splendid old house, Elizabethan in architecture, and in a first-rate state of repair. The park was large and tolerably picturesque, but the oaks were magnificent. Every thing bore the marks of antiquity without decay, and spoke of the well-filled purse and active oversight of the present owner. A couple of grooms were exercising four splendid carriage-horses as I rode through the park; and half-a-dozen large dogs of various breeds gambolled and barked around them in boisterous gaiety.

On presenting my card, I learnt that the "squire" was not at home. She had gone over immediately after the letters had come in to her brother's house at Compton Parva; and on my asking how soon she was likely to return, I learnt that every thing was uncertain; for that the alarm in the country was increasing, two farmers' ricks having been burnt the previous night within half-a-mile of Mr. Compton's parsonage. Half-an-hour's ride, I was told, would take me there; and away I cantered over the undulating turf.

The parsonage of Compton Parva was a fitting appendage to the Hall, as comfortable and picturesque as the other was superb and lordly. Gothic gables, half-hidden with ivy and Virginia creepers, showed above the well-clipped holly hedges; venerable cedars rose dark and stately in the background, a neat farmyard, a huge barn, and numerous hay and corn ricks, were clustered together within a stone's throw of the house; and as I rode up to the door, glimpses of a broad terrace with formal flower-beds, stone vases, and a sparkling fountain, completed the picture of that luxurious gentlemanly ease, which is the lot of so many of the younger sons of ancient houses, who hold the hereditary and wealthy "family livings."

The lady I sought was standing at an open window, looking out with a fixed and anxious gaze, too much absorbed by her thoughts to notice who I was. I was shown into a small room, and received a polite and stately welcome; though my



arrival evidently caused some surprise. As briefly as possible I explained my errand, touched judiciously in passing on such political ideas as I knew would please Miss Compton, and added, that chance had made me acquainted the day before with some circumstances which I was anxious to lose no time in relating to her and Mr. Compton. As I spoke she visibly thawed, and her reply was almost cordial. I then told her what I had seen and heard the previous day, and concluded by expressing my hope, that if I could be of any service to her or Mr. Compton, she would freely command me.

“You are very good, Mr. Walker, very good indeed. But we must lose no time in communicating this very serious intelligence to my brother. If you will be good enough to follow me, I will show you the way to his library. As you are aware, my brother is an enthusiastic naturalist, and I fear he may not be so sensibly alive to the dangers of the present crisis as he might be. Your tidings will, however, I think, at last alarm him.”

As she spoke she led the way up a handsome dark carved-oak staircase, and through a long passage panelled in the same rich but sombre manner, ending in a spacious though rather low apartment with deeply-recessed Gothic windows and with the walls completely hidden by book-shelves and glass-cases loaded with all the treasures of a wealthy and eager naturalist. The mantel-piece, moreover, and every available shelf or board was crowded with kindred possessions. A heap of stuffed birds was thrust into one corner, with a gun, fishing-rods, and a landing-net huddled together among them. A dozen or so of extraordinary monstrosities, preserved in spirits, stood on a small table at one of the windows. A superb microscope was on the large library-table in the middle of the room, with boxes, bags, and little cabinet drawers lying about in truly scientific confusion.

We entered, and closed the door unnoticed by the occupants; one of whom was the parson himself, stooping over a side-table, and turning over a pile of papers and odds and ends of all sorts; and the other an antiquated-looking dame of intensely respectable and self-approving looks, and in dress and manners generally a very model housekeeper for an elderly and rather helpless gentleman. She silently courtsied as we came in, while her master, without looking up, continued muttering a series of reproaches to her, in a half-angry, half-apologetic tone.

“Really, Mrs. Margaret,” he grumbled, “this is too bad. Have I not told you over and over again *never* to clean this room without letting me know. Here is the most magnificent

specimen of the *Scarabeus ægyptiacus* in the kingdom lost, and fifteen of the finest Persian caterpillars tumbled about among the papers here. Good heavens! here is the *Scarabeus* actually broken to pieces. Here is the head literally torn from the body. The loss is irreparable."

"Mr. Walker, William," interposed Miss Compton. "He has been good enough to come here on very serious business."

"Very happy to see you, Mr. Walker," said the brother, with an air of the most perfect unconsciousness. "Really, Mrs. Margaret," he continued, stooping his head over the remnants of the damaged beetle, till it was crimson with the blood flowing into it, "I must insist on this never happening again."

"My dear William," said his sister, "are you aware that Wilson and Thomas Goodyear both had their ricks burnt last night?"

"You don't say so, Mary, do you?" responded he, sitting down, and trying whether it was possible to restore the *scarabeus* to any thing like symmetry; "I'm uncommonly sorry to hear it, but I'm afraid that will never restore this unrivalled specimen to its original beauty."

"Is it possible, brother," cried she, "that you can think of dead insects at such a time as this?"

"Why not, Mary?" said the naturalist; "there are ten thousand more ricks in England, but not one other *Scarabeus ægyptiacus*."

"Has not your master heard of these lawless doings, Mrs. Margaret?" asked the sister, turning to the housekeeper.

"Good gracious! yes, ma'am," responded Mrs. Margaret; "we woke him in the middle of the night, as soon as ever we saw the flames; but master do seem to care more for scrapuses and dead flies, and that like, more than ever now."

"Scarabeus, Mrs. Margaret, if you please," interposed her master. "How often have I told you how painful it is to me to hear things called by their wrong names!"

"Well, ma'am," said Mrs. Margaret, "scrapuses or not scrapuses, I call them beetles; but master do care so much about them when they're dead, and so little about them when they're alive, that my heart's pretty nigh broke with trying to keep things in order in the house. There, down in the wine-cellar, the black beetles is by hundreds and hundreds; and master he won't let me so much as set a cat among them to keep them down, because he says cats don't ought to eat beetles."

"I assure you, Mary," here interrupted the man of theories, "that it's quite contrary to all rules of science that unguiferous animals should prey upon *Coleoptera*."

"Angry-with-uses animals, ma'am!" cried the amazed

housekeeper; "I never said any thing about angry-with-uses, though master is so angry with me."

"Unguiferous, Mrs. Margaret," said Mr. Compton; "I must entreat you to be careful about the language you use."

"Brother, brother!" ejaculated the lady at last, her patience tried beyond endurance, "are you mad? Do you know that you are likely to have your own farm-yard fired in a night?"

"Good gracious!" replied he, now really alarmed; "and the farm so near the house; my books and my entire museum may be sacrificed!"

"Then you think nothing of the loss of your barn, and hay and corn, I suppose?" said his sister, growing seriously angry.

At this moment the door was flung open, and a footman handed a letter to his master, who hastily read it, and replied,

"Show him up here, by all means."

"Who is it, William?" asked the sister.

"Dr. Hermann Steinkopf, Mary," said he, "a converted German Jew, who has renounced every thing in order to become a Christian; and being a distinguished naturalist, is now forced to get his living by selling the remains of his own splendid collection to men of science in England. He wrote to me this morning, and said he should call and bring letters of recommendation from some of the most celebrated *savans* of Poland and Germany."

"Bah! a German and a Jew," said Miss Compton. "A revolutionist, I have no doubt."

"My dear Mary, he has become a Christian," remonstrated her brother.

The discussion was cut short by the entrance of the individual in question. He certainly bore the appearance of being what he represented himself, in some respects at least; for I confess I could discern few traces of what is popularly considered to be the true Hebrew physiognomy. Many of the German and Polish Jews I knew were not nearly so dark as those of the same race in this country; and I was therefore not surprised to see a personage with a huge red beard and hair of a similar hue. Whether his eyes had the very peculiar look of those belonging to the Jewish nation I could not perceive, as he wore large and heavy tortoise-shell spectacles. He was rustily attired, with what seemed an ostentatious shabbiness, and conducted himself with a servility of manner evidently peculiarly displeasing to Miss Compton. The naturalist received him with polite affability; and while the preliminaries of the conversation were passing, Miss Vernon entered the library, and gazed a moment or two at the new-comer, and sat down.



She vouchsafed me a lofty recognition, which she could scarcely avoid granting, as the only vacant chair in the room was close to that which I was occupying.

"I am grieved to hear that you are suffering so much for conscience' sake, Dr. Steinkopf," said Mr. Compton; "but you have your reward. You tell me that you are disposing of the last remains of your own museum, no doubt originally a very fine one."

"De very finesht in all Shermanny, sare," replied the doctor; and as he spoke, I involuntarily fastened my eyes on his countenance, attracted in some inexplicable way by the sound of his voice. I observed, also, that Miss Vernon was similarly affected, and almost startled by something quite unexpected. I was not very familiar with the bad English of natives of Germany; but it certainly struck me that the doctor's murdering of our language bore an extraordinary resemblance to that of an unmitigated English Jew of Seven Dials or Petticoat Lane.

"But I musht have de honour of showing you my letters of recommendation from de mosht celebrated men of Shermanny and Poland," continued the doctor; and with that he began rummaging in his pockets. After searching in every one of those receptacles, he suddenly exclaimed,

"Oh dear! oh dear! I am so sorry as never was. Dey are all left behind. Dey are at mine hotel, or vat you call it? in dat town yonder; but never mind, I vill have de honour to send them to-morrow. De shpeshimens I have not forgot. Dey are only de remains; de resht are all sold."

And so saying, he opened a box which he carried under his arm, and handed it to Mr. Compton. While the latter was diligently inspecting the contents, the doctor carelessly, but as I fancied carefully, examined the library and all its parts; but seemed to have no particular fancy for examining the persons assembled in it. Mr. Compton did not seem remarkably struck with the contents of the box; and his disappointment was scarcely concealed as he said,

"I fear, Dr. Steinkopf, that I shall not be able to be a large purchaser. You seem to have disposed of all the best portion of your collection. Most of these insects I have."

"Pardon, sare, if you pleashe," replied the doctor; "dere is one dat I am sure nobody has in dis country but myself. I have forgotten de name; but Professor Bialloblotsky, of Warsaw, he did tell me dat he knew of but one more in Europe. It is from de very meedle of Africa, and is de very smallesht fly in de vorld. To see it properly, you must use dat beautiful microscope on your table dere. Here it is."

Mr. Compton took the said minute specimen, looked extremely interested and a little surprised, and sat down to the microscope.

"Permit me, sare," cried the doctor, as Mr. Compton found some difficulty in bringing the concentrated rays of light on the marvel before him; "permit me to shut dish window. Dish crosh light is not good for microscope. De shutters must be shut."

So saying, he rushed to the window in fault, and carefully shut it, bungling a long time about the fastenings, and muttering something about shutting out every spark of light. While he was doing this, Miss Compton rose and whispered in her brother's ear.

"Well, well, Mary," cried he; "I will, I will. But do have a little patience. I won't be five minutes longer."

After a little more investigation he rose from his seat, and observed to the doctor that the fly looked like a very small flea, with the proboscis broken off.

"Impossible, sare!" exclaimed the doctor, lifting up his hands. "It is de very finest—"

"I have no doubt in the world of it, Doctor Steinkopf," interrupted Mr. Compton; "but the fact is, I am very much occupied to-day, and cannot give your collection the attention it deserves. I shall be happy, however, to purchase any trifle out of it, and request your acceptance of a five-pound note, not in payment, but as a proof of my sympathy with all who suffer for conscience' sake."

So saying, he unlocked a drawer, took out a bundle of notes, and presented the well-pleased doctor with the handsome gift; while Miss Compton looked intensely disgusted; and Mrs. Margaret, who had remained in the room the whole time, exclaimed, *sotto voce*,

"Goodness gracious me! Five pounds for a few dead butterflies!"

The doctor took a pocket-book out of his pocket, in which to secure his gift; and in so doing, pulled out, without noticing it, some half-dozen letters and tied-up papers: they fell close to where I was sitting, and I picked them up and returned them to their owner; but just as he was going away, Miss Vernon's eye lighted on something else which had escaped from the doctor's pocket, and fallen by her side. I also saw it as she stooped to pick it up. It seemed a small pamphlet, and I did not catch its title, but I observed that a sudden look of astonishment, not unmingled with blushing, shot over Miss Vernon's expressive countenance as she observed the title-page, or something of the kind. To my sur-

prise, instead of immediately handing it to its owner, she went to the window, and closely examined it; and before she had done, the doctor, followed by Mrs. Margaret, was gone. She made some excuse to leave the room herself, but returned in a few moments, as the doctor's steps were heard tramping along the hall floor, and the house-door closed upon him. She was clearly absorbed in thought; but she had put the pamphlet out of sight, and made no allusion whatever to it, and almost immediately again left the room, leaving me closeted with the brother and sister.

Miss Compton now lost no time in making me relate what I had already told her, and really succeeded in seriously alarming her brother. They agreed that she should spend the afternoon in visiting the chief of their tenantry, and that he should do the same with those of the labourers who were supposed to be most disaffected in their sentiments. They, or rather Miss Compton—for her brother was so absent that she was obliged to be mistress in his house as well as her own—invited me to return in the evening to dine and sleep; and meanwhile she offered me some luncheon.

As we entered the dining-room her eye caught sight of a packet lying on a sideboard, which she took and laid by her side until Miss Vernon joined us at the luncheon-table. The quick sight of the latter immediately discovered the packet, and she stretched out her hand to take it, saying,

“That is mine, aunt, if you please.”

“So I concluded,” said the aunt. “Really, William,” she continued, “you must speak seriously to Clementina. Here are some of the identical tracts and books which I have found in the hands of your cottagers and mine: publications, I have no hesitation in saying, of the most abominable and revolutionary tendency.”

“They are gospel tracts, aunt,” cried Miss Vernon, in the usual artificially solemn tone which her musical voice assumed the moment she spoke on any thing touching on religion.

“Gospel? Clementina!” ejaculated Miss Compton. “Not the gospel *I* was taught when I was your age. How can you dare to say that books which make men discontented with their state in life, and set them against the doctrines they are taught by their lawful pastors, are the gospel?”

“Supposing their pastors teach them a false gospel, they are then not lawful pastors, aunt.”

“If your remark applies to me, Clementina,” said her uncle, mildly but seriously, “it is at least not very respectful to your mother's brother.”



Miss Vernon looked a little ashamed, and her aunt continued the reproof.

"At any rate," said she, "I *insist* upon it that not one of these publications be disseminated among *my* people while these disturbances continue."

Clementina said nothing, and finished her repast in silence; and I soon took my leave until the evening.

Dinner passed off in somewhat serious tranquillity; but when the servants were gone, Miss Compton, who was not intending to return to the hall that night, informed me that from the inquiries she had made, matters were growing to a crisis, and that it was feared that open attacks would be made upon the houses of the resident gentry supposed to be most obnoxious to the labouring classes; and she complained bitterly of the inactivity of the Government, which busied itself in political reforms of the worst character, instead of taking means for securing the lives and property of the loyal subjects of the crown.

Before bedtime a man was set to watch the farm-yard belonging to the parsonage, and at the slightest alarm the great house-bell was to be rung; and every one in the house was expected to rise at whatever time in the night a summons might be given.

I could not go to sleep myself, through excitement, for some hours; and as I heard the stable-clock clearly striking midnight, one, two, and three o'clock, I began to hope that nothing serious would occur, and by degrees I began to doze. All at once a peal rang in my ears with startling sound, for the large bell was hung outside the house just above the room where I slept; and as it suddenly clanged forth, I thought I had never heard so noisy a peal in my life. Dressing with the utmost haste, I flew down stairs, and found that neither Mr. Compton nor his sister had yet appeared; but the men-servants told me the farm-buildings were in flames, and the women-servants were frightened out of all their wits. I dashed out of the house to the scene of destruction, and just as I entered the farm-yard, with my eyes fixed upon the gathering flames, and little heeding where I trod, I found myself stumbling over some unexpected obstacle, and forthwith measured my length upon the ground. At the same time a most singular noise was uttered close to me, very like a stifled groan; and as I got upon my feet, the object over which I had fallen gave signs of moving.

"Here is murder," thought I; but a brief examination showed me that the person over whom I had pitched was bound hand and foot, and that his mouth was gagged with a

pocket-handkerchief. A very few minutes were enough for untying the handkerchief and cutting the bonds, when it appeared that the unlucky individual was the man who had been set to watch the farm-buildings, and who had been surprised, overpowered, and bound before he had been able to give any alarm. Lying on the ground, he had heard the rioters coolly proceed to their work; and his agony had been awful as he saw the flames slowly rise and spread, and heard no signs of alarm from the house, while he expected the fire to extend to the spot where he lay helpless.

Meanwhile, the people from the parsonage came up, and men began to gather from the neighbouring cottages. Cool and collected, Miss Compton quickly assumed the direction of the steps to be taken to put out the fire, and chose out ten or a dozen men to spread themselves about the neighbourhood, and search for some clue to the identity of the incendiaries. Her brother showed more readiness and activity than I should have expected; but his chief alarm was evidently caused by fear lest the flames should extend to his museum; and he toiled with the strongest and swiftest in striving to extinguish the fire, and to pull down the ricks next to those already in process of destruction. I lent a hearty helping hand, and received the cordial thanks of Miss Compton, expressed with a striking propriety and self-possession. In fact, the whole parsonage was emptied of its inmates, the maid-servants cowering in some safe spot as near to Miss Compton as their fears of the flames would allow them to approach.

After two or three hours' hard work, and the loss of the greater portion of the hay and corn, the fire was extinguished or died out, and we returned to the house. Miss Compton ordered bread, meat, and ale to be immediately got ready, to refresh the men after their toils, and with her brother and niece sat down in silence in the drawing-room, where I took the liberty of joining them. The quiet stillness after the intense excitement of the fire was almost overpowering, when all at once voices were heard approaching, crying "Murder!—thieves!—robbers!—fire!" and other such indiscriminate expressions of terror. In then rushed two or three frightened maid-servants, followed by Mrs. Margaret, loudly scolding them, and commanding silence.

"What is it, Mrs. Margaret?" cried Miss Compton. "Speak, and leave those silly girls to themselves."

"Oh, ma'am! oh, sir! the library has been ——"

Before she could finish her sentence, out dashed Mr. Compton, prostrating the lady's-maid in his career, snatching a lighted candle out of Mrs. Margaret's trembling hand, and

heedlessly scorching the precise-looking cap which that very respectable personage wore upon her head. After him away we all ran, as fast as our legs could carry us, in the nearly total darkness, faintly illumined by the quivering light carried by the master of the house. Rushing after him into the library, a gust of cold air startled us and blew out the candle, leaving us both physically and morally in the dark. While lights were being brought, a chilly stream of night-air guided me to a window which was thrown wide open; and looking out, I could just perceive that a ladder was placed against the wall immediately beneath it. Candles being now come, we proceeded to see what was the result of the burglary which had manifestly taken place. At the first glance, all seemed perfectly in order.

"Where's the microscope?" suddenly cried Mr. Compton. All eyes were turned to the table where it had stood; the microscope was gone.

"What, nothing else?" said Miss Compton.

"Nothing else, Mary?" echoed her brother. "That microscope cost one hundred guineas, and has one of the finest lenses in the world."

"Ha! what's here?" I exclaimed, as I detected the signs of violence at the lock of the drawer from which I had seen Mr. Compton take out his bank-notes when the German doctor was in the room. I pulled the handle of the drawer; it opened. The contents were rifled, and the bank-notes gone.

"I have it!" I exclaimed, as the recollection of my observations of the previous day shot across my mind; "the German doctor is the thief; I saw the scoundrel examine the fastenings of this very window."

"Impossible!" replied Mr. Compton; "allow me to say, Mr. Walker, that you are rather hasty in your imputations upon others."

Miss Vernon at the same time looked amazed and puzzled, and the incident of the pamphlet dropped by the "doctor" recurred to me as adding mystery to mystery.

"I suspect Mr. Walker is right, brother, nevertheless," said Miss Compton.

"We shall see," said Clementina.

The night was now too far gone to allow any but the laziest to go to bed again; but the party separated until the breakfast hour. At that meal speculations were renewed, and I felt more and more convinced that the German doctor was the real thief, whether with or without accomplices there was no clue to tell. As breakfast was concluding the letter-bag arrived, accompanied by a parcel for the master of the house;



the latter was immediately opened. Never shall I forget the indescribable countenance of the worthy naturalist, as he beheld enclosed to himself the identical red beard, moustaches, and wig, which had been worn by the pseudo-converted Jew, who had pocketed his five pounds, and still worse, had imposed on his credulity.

"There is a letter, also, uncle," observed his niece, who displayed a painful interest in this new scene of the drama; and so there was. It was only by a strenuous effort that I could keep my face within the limits of seriousness, as I watched the unfortunate gentleman's look, as he sat perusing the missive.

"Confound the scoundrel!" he cried at last, in most unclerical tones. "You're right, Mr. Walker; and to think of his trying to pass a mutilated flea upon me as a rare insect of immense value. But I detected the trick; you know I did: you heard it, Mary; and you too can bear witness, Clementina, that here I was *not* imposed upon."

The letter ran as follows:

"Reverend Sir,—Old companions should not be parted. Acting on this excellent principle, I considered that the bank-notes, one of which you were so good as to present me with, ought to rejoin their departed brother. I request your acceptance of the wig and beard of that distinguished naturalist and converted German Jew, Doctor Hermann Steinkopf, knowing your value for genius of every kind. And I have the honour to be your extremely obliged and most grateful servant,  
SWING."

Enclosed was a small envelope, also addressed to the Rev. William Compton; and the climax was put to that excellent gentleman's disgust, when he opened it and beheld the never-to-be-forgotten mutilated flea, with the words, "A trifle for *microscopic* observation;" the word "*microscopic*" being doubly underlined, as a hint that the lost microscope had accompanied the bank-notes to the hands of one and the same person.

The discomfited man rose from his chair, walked to the fire-place, and stood with his back to the fire, in the characteristic Englishman's attitude, for at least a quarter of an hour, in sorrowing silence. Pity kept his sister silent; and not a sound broke the current of his meditations. At length he heaved a deep sigh, and ejaculating, "Well it might have been worse; at any rate my *Scarabeus ægyptiacus* is not gone," he slowly left the room.

CHAPTER VII.

THE "SQUIRE" AT HOME.

When Mr. Compton left the breakfast-room, to digest in solitude the loss of his money and his microscope, and to console himself with the precious insects of his museum, I rose to take my leave, knowing how easy it is for a person to become *de trop* in such circumstances as I found myself.

"Of course you are not leaving the country, Mr. Walker?" said Miss Compton, very graciously. "I hope in the course of a day or two that we shall see you again; and perhaps by that time you may have something more of importance to communicate to us. By the way, how was your friend, Mr. Walton, when you left London? I was sorry to learn from him, when he dined with us in London, that he was not well, and found the confinement of town-life rather trying to his constitution. With his mother, as you know, I am well acquainted; and I have so high a regard for her, that for her sake I should be grieved to see your friend's health declining."

I expressed a hope that poor Roger would by degrees get accustomed to the restraint of his present situation; but added, that he certainly was not well, and was often out of spirits.

"I don't know much of the rules and obligations of gentlemen in your line," replied Miss Compton; "and therefore I hardly know whether it would be of any use to make Mr. Walton an offer which has occurred to me. I know that he is a person of literary acquirements, and fond of books, and I have long wanted a complete *Catalogue raisonné* of the library at Compton Hall, which, when you see it, you will agree with me in considering a remarkably fine collection; so, at least, it is reputed by the best judges with whom I am acquainted. Would your friend, do you think, like to undertake such a work? I need not say that I should take care he should be very far from a loser by giving up a month or two of his time to it."

I assured her, that so far as I could answer for him, there was nothing he would like better.

"Then," continued Miss Compton, "I shall commission you to write to your friend immediately, and see if he can so arrange; and perhaps he would like to come while you are in the neighbourhood, so that the sooner he appears the better. There is a pretty little furnished cottage in the park, not a quarter of a mile from the Hall, where he should stay, and I will provide him with a servant and all housekeeping neces-

saries; for I know that young men like you and Mr. Walton are somewhat helpless in such matters as these."

As I was saying how glad I should be to do as Miss Compton required, a servant brought in an announcement that her steward had come over from the Hall, and was very urgent to see her without delay.

"No bad news, Thomas, I hope?" said Miss Compton to the servant.

"I don't know, ma'am," replied the man. "Farmer Jobson's carter was here just now, and said there was ugly stories agoing about the country; and some did talk of attacking the houses of the gentlefolks."

"Perhaps you will not mind waiting a short time, Mr. Walker," said Miss Compton, turning to me. "I may possibly ask you to take a letter for me to Arkworth this morning as you return."

And with that she left the room, and I found myself alone with Miss Vernon. That very handsome and very haughty young lady had hitherto taken such little pains to conceal the small estimate in which she held me, that I fully expected her to follow her aunt, and leave me to my solitary meditations. She sat still, however, turning every now and then to the window, but apparently with no other object than the varying of her posture. Two or three times I fancied she wanted to speak to me; and at last she said abruptly,

"Have you any idea, Mr. Walker, who that man was who disguised himself as a converted German Jew?"

"None in the world," I replied.

For some minutes she remained silent, and then resumed:

"Does no one seem to know who this man is, who goes by the name of Swing?"

"They say there is more than one such person," said I.

"Where do they come from?" asked she; "or do they belong to this part of the country?"

"I am myself confident that one at least of them is a stranger to these parts," I replied; "but who they really are I have not the most distant idea. Yet that German fellow's voice struck me in a way I cannot at all account for; and still I am certain I never saw him before. The letter he wrote to Mr. Compton I should say is undoubtedly not the composition of an ordinary rustic."

Miss Vernon made no reply, but again fell to musing. I felt inclined to ask her if she had not been puzzled herself about the man; but I know that people have a great dislike to being asked awkward questions; and as I was sure she would tell me nothing more than I was already convinced of



by observation, I held my tongue ; and presently she left me, handing me the newspaper in a more gracious manner than she had ever before condescended to adopt.

Soon afterwards I was summoned to Miss Compton. She was conversing in the dining-room with her steward, a respectable-looking old gentleman with a bald head and shining forehead.

"This is the gentleman I was speaking of," said she, as I entered. "I am sorry to say, Mr. Walker," she continued, "that Mr. Bainbridge brings me very bad accounts of the state of feeling in the country. They say that the revolutionary spirit among the labouring classes is certainly fomented by agents from the manufacturing towns,—always, in my opinion, the curse of the country ; and here the government has done nothing for us. The yeomanry of the country not yet enrolled ; not a soldier within fifty miles ; and all these mad measures of reform going on at head-quarters. What was that you said, Mr. Bainbridge, about a threatened attack on Sir Harry Grayling's?"

"A real attack, ma'am, I am told," said the steward. "Twenty or thirty armed men came just after dark ; and as Sir Harry and Lady Grayling are away, there were not above three or four servants in the house. They burst in by the offices, forced the servants to supply them with meat and drink ; drank three or four dozen of Sir Harry's famous claret, and left him a letter threatening to burn his house down, unless he would undertake to pay his labourers fifteen shillings a-week, and destroy all machinery."

"Cool, at any rate," exclaimed Miss Compton. "However, Sir Harry's a Whig, and he and his scoundrelly party have brought all this upon us. The mischief is, that loyal people suffer worse than cowardly radicals, who richly deserve the treatment they get. And you tell me they threaten me amongst the rest?"

"I fear it is too true," said Bainbridge.

"Because I am a woman, no doubt. Well, let them come. The old hall will stand a siege as well as any house in the country ; and the scoundrels shall have my life rather than I'd yield one jot to their demands. Never shall it be said that Mary Compton did through fear what she would not do from a sense of honour and justice. I can trust my people well. They know me, and I know them. They know that though I hate and abhor these low radical political changes, *my* labourers are not starved on seven shillings a-week, and there's not one cottage on the whole estate of the Hall that I would mind sleeping in myself. And I have that faith in my tenants

and labourers, that whatever happens elsewhere, Compton Hall will be able to make a gallant stand against all the cowardly midnight incendiaries that may come against it."

I inquired, in reply, if my services could be of any use at the Hall; and received an assurance that its mistress would not scruple to employ them if needed.

"What do you propose to do with yourself, Mr. Walker?" added Miss Compton; "you should not be very far out of the way, as it is more than likely that the bench of magistrates will want your evidence as to what you have seen and heard at Arkworth."

I stated that it was my intention to make Arkworth my head-quarters; but that I was proposing a short tour of two or three days through the neighbouring country, to gather all the news I could. This fully met Miss Compton's views; and I took my leave.

Returning to the "Three Jolly Farmers," I wrote to Walton, conveying Miss Compton's message, and then left for the nearest market-town; and occupied the remainder of that day, and the two following, in driving about the country, hunting up information and gossip in all directions. Every where the alarm was growing extremely serious; and it was quite certain that at least one formidable mob was going about the country, threatening gentlemen's houses with attack, though for what definite purpose it was difficult to say. A few labouring men had been taken up and examined before the county magistrates; but the information extracted from them was far from consistent or intelligible. Nobody, however, doubted that some of the ringleaders had objects in view quite distinct from the mere burning of corn-ricks, or frightening country squires out of their senses.

On the third evening I was again at Arkworth, somewhat puzzled what next to do with myself, and heartily wishing that something or other more definite would turn up; either the capture of a ringleader, or the onslaught of a mob, or any thing that would give me a subject for a good newspaper letter; for I was finding it rather difficult to make up a sufficiently effective correspondence from mere rumours, which were recorded to-day only to be contradicted to-morrow.

The following morning brought me a letter, directed in a handwriting quite unknown to me. Like so many people, I have the habit of twisting and turning a letter of this kind over and over, guessing all the while as to its contents, when the breaking of the seal would in a moment satisfy one's curiosity. Some persons call this fancy a folly or a weakness. I don't think it is. It is rather a pleasing exercise of ingenuity,

under favourable circumstances. The solution of the enigma being entirely in one's own power, there results from the suspense nothing more than a pleasing titillation of the fancy, and a voluntary exercise of one's skill at conjecturing, which is agreeably satisfied at last by the instantaneous communication of the wished-for information. On the present occasion, besides speculating as to the writer, I busied myself in guessing whether the handwriting was that of a man or woman. It was bold, dashing, decided, characteristic, and yet had that peculiar flow of line which I fancy belongs to most women's hands. It was so blotted, that it was only on a second perusal that it was distinctly legible throughout.

On opening the letter the puzzle was increased. It was apparently written in vehement haste, and when finished, had been clapped upon the blotting-paper so vigorously, that the last sentence or two were totally illegible; and the signature, if a couple of initials can be so called, was nothing more than two shapeless patches of ink. It had, moreover, no date, and began without the usual formula in any shape. Its contents were as follows:

"I shall be happy to see the poor woman and her husband whom you recommended. The hour is not a very convenient one; but for the sake of one who loves the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity, I do not mind stretching a point or two. Suffering saints demand all our sympathies in these latter days of backsliding and ignorance of the truth as it is in Jesus. I trust, as you say, that the interview may be blest to the poor man's soul, especially as you assure me that he is already under impressions. I write in the greatest haste, having . . . . ."

The rest defied all my powers of examination.

It was perfectly clear that, whatever this epistle meant, whomsoever it was designed for, it was not intended for me; but must have been misdirected by mistake, no doubt by some person who was really writing to me, and in the hurry, had put the wrong address on each of the two letters. I re-examined the superscription, but there was my name as clear as the day, notwithstanding the blots. I deciphered the post-mark; it was simply "Arkworth," with the date. I then went to the Post-office, and inquired if they could tell me where it had come from; and was informed, on the outside of the letter being seen, that it must have been posted in Arkworth itself on the preceding evening. All I got by my pains, was a conviction that I had received a letter designed for some other person, and that some one else had received the letter intended for me. The first mistake served merely as food for curiosity, the latter annoyed me considerably; but it was



fruitless to attempt to remedy the mischief, so I soon regained my composure, and sauntered back to the inn.

On entering my sitting-room, who should greet me but Roger Walton himself, overflowing with his usual hearty alacrity and mercurial spirits when any thing agreeable happened to him.

"Here I am, old fellow, you see," he cried, wringing my hand till my wrist ached again. "Nothing like making hay while the sun shines. I easily got leave to come away from that Stygian hole, our newspaper-office. I don't think they cared much about losing me. Well! and how do you like the 'Squire' on closer acquaintance? She's a brick, I'm confident; and I'll do her work for her splendidly. Why, by Jove, it's the very thing of all others that suits me. I only hope the library has lots of editions of the classics, heaps of poetry, and a strong dash of old plays and romances. I'm getting deucedly tired of this newspaper-work; it's all drudgery, nothing to feed the soul of a man of literary tastes. Poor dear Louise! how she did laugh when she heard me begin to talk about Plato and Sophocles and Horace, and the blind old fellow that sung so gloriously about that old rogue Ulysses. By the way, talking of Horace—"

"My dear Roger," interposed I, "when *will* you stop? You are out of breath already. I hope you don't mean to pour out such torrents of rhapsody to Miss Compton, when you see her."

"What, the Squire?" cried Roger. "Oh, she won't mind it, I'll bet you a guinea. My mother tells me her brother's a first-rate classical scholar, and, next to dead animals, likes nothing so much as the dead languages. I dare say he's a brick, like the 'Squire' herself."

"A *brick!*" echoed I. "I suppose that's the last new piece of London slang. What *does* it mean?"

"Just come out, my dear fellow," cried Roger; "I heard it for the first time the very day you came away, and now I find it's in every body's mouth. Do you know, I've a splendid theory on the subject of these slang London sayings? They have clearly a classical origin. Just look at this one, for instance. A 'brick' is,—let me see—well; it's hard to define what sort of people are 'bricks.' It's best done by examples. My own mother's a brick; the Duke of Wellington's a brick; so is Miss Compton, I am perfectly certain. Well, now, the origin of the term is clear to every classical scholar. It's undoubtedly an Aristotelian expression. Don't you remember?—By the way, you can't think how clever Louise is in—"

“ You think a great deal too much about Louise, Roger, I see plainly,” said I, interrupting him. “ It’s a very unfortunate acquaintance that, I am convinced.”

“ Pooh, pooh !” said Roger. “ Louise herself is a brick. I’m sure Miss Compton would like her, if she knew her. But as I was saying, you can’t think how clever she is in understanding all these sort of things ; not a bit like an ordinary foreign girl. I was laughing about this last new phrase, when she said, in her funny little frenchified way, ‘ Ah ! I do see. I can tell you of one brick ! My patron saint is one brick.’ ‘ Your patron saint !’ said I, ‘ who in the world is he ?’ ‘ What, do you not know ?’ said she. ‘ My patron saint is Saint Louis, de great king and warrior of *ma belle France*. He is one brick indeed.’ ”

I repeat all this rattling talk of poor Roger, little as it is worth repeating, just to show the kind of person that he always was ; lively, rambling, and excitable, not knowing exactly when to speak and when to be silent ; and trusting rather more to people’s good nature than is quite safe in mixing with general society. He fancied every body must sympathise with himself, in his tastes and studies as much as in his pleasures and sorrows. Consequently, some people thought him conceited, and found him a bore. The latter no doubt he often was ; the former I am sure he was not. Somehow or other, nevertheless, with certain characters he got on remarkably well ; and his infirmities were forgiven for the sake of his spontaneous openness and unselfish good-nature. Besides, I must say, he had that chivalric sense of honour and rectitude, which, in my opinion, is rather thrown away in one’s intercourse with the world. For myself, I never could understand its advantages. It seems dreamy, unpractical, and profitless ; though, no doubt, it is a capital subject for commonplace declamation. With poor Roger, I do really believe, the thing was perfectly genuine.

After a few preparations, we set off together for Compton Hall. Roger’s exclamations of delight and admiration as we crossed the park were unbounded ; but on approaching the house itself, our attention was attracted by signs of an unwonted activity and movement. A dozen or so of hardy-looking rustics were lounging about. A couple of young farmers rode towards us at a hand-gallop ; and as they passed, the few words we caught of their conversation seemed to indicate the urgency of some business that they were engaged upon. A waggon-load of roughly-sawn timber was drawn up near the front-door of the house, which stood open ; and as we came up, we saw that some half-dozen grooms and servants in livery were

there in waiting, while other grooms were leading backwards and forwards on the gravel-road the horses from which their masters had evidently just dismounted; for their coats bore the marks of a little hard riding. We were shown into a small ante-room, and there sat a full half-hour, wondering what sort of a reception we should get; for we began to fancy that our arrival might be a little *mal-à-propos*.

At last Miss Compton entered and greeted us. She was dressed in a riding-habit, with a hat of a somewhat singular shape, but becoming her remarkably well. I thought I had never seen a woman of her age look so strikingly handsome. Excitement had made her cheek glow with colour; her eyes positively gleamed; and she looked really ten or fifteen years younger than usual. She walked like a woman of five-and-twenty; and as she took off her riding-glove to shake hands with us, and a diamond ring of great brilliancy sparkled upon a hand of unusual whiteness and perfect form, I felt the force of that commanding influence which I had heard that she exercised over almost every one who came within its reach.

"I am very glad to find you so quick in your movements, Mr. Walker," said she, turning to myself. "The servant should have shown you to your room, instead of leaving you here; but I dare say it was because I did not mention that your friend was expected also; and we are in such a bustle of preparation, that every one's hands are more than full."

I looked a little surprised, and said that we had only come to pay our respects, and that Roger awaited Miss Compton's commands as to his work in the library.

"What! did you not have a note from me this morning?" asked she.

"None whatever," I replied.

"The letters were delivered in Arkworth before you started, I suppose?" said she.

"Yes, I know they were," said I.

"How very strange!" exclaimed Miss Compton. "I am sure the letters from the Hall were posted yesterday; for we took the letter-bag in the carriage with us, and I saw the servant deliver it to the postmaster. Well, as you are come, it is of no consequence. I wrote to say that we have received information that the house is certainly to be attacked to-night by a large mob; and that there is at least one person among them, a stranger to these parts, who seems to be every day acquiring a more fatal influence over the misguided people. We are in communication with all the gentry of the neighbourhood; but in these times every man is obliged to stay at



home at night to look after his own possessions, for nobody knows where next the mischief may break out. I am therefore getting together every available person who can be depended on in case the rioters do come; and I thought that a young fellow like you would rather like the fun than otherwise. So, you see, Mr. Walton," she continued, turning to Roger, "that we shall want you to help to defend my books before making a list of them."

Of course we were delighted, and expressed our hopes that no harm would happen to the house and its contents.

"I trust not," said Miss Compton; "but there are some determined scoundrels, I am told, among them,—fellows with one foot on the gallows-steps already, and who are not likely to stand at a trifle. The worst of it is, that these miserable Whigs have done nothing for us. The soldiers are sent for; but when they will arrive nobody knows; certainly not before to-morrow. The county constabulary are good for little or nothing; and a village constable, as you may suppose, is just about a match for two or three youngsters caught stealing apples. So we are left to our own resources. Thank God, we are not without these. I have been delighted beyond measure to receive the proofs of good feeling that every hour are coming in from my tenants and neighbours."

I interrupted her to say, that we hoped she would dispose of us at her pleasure, and Roger's eyes sparkled with eagerness and sympathy.

"Thank you, thank you," said she. "I shall certainly do so. I hope you are both of you tolerable shots. My neighbour, Sir Arthur Wentworth, an old soldier, is here at this minute superintending the barricading the house and offices, which is quite necessary; for we hear that in one or two places the rioters have positively tried to take a house by storm. The times are really fearful. However, I trust that we shall give them so warm a reception, that a very short time will decide the affair."

Just at this moment the old butler entered the room, and presented his mistress with a small flat mahogany case, which she opened, and took out a pair of pistols, not large, but of beautiful workmanship, as I could see at a glance, being rather curious in such matters myself.

"Are they thoroughly well cleaned, Wilson?" said Miss Compton, trying the locks.

"Every bit of them, ma'am," replied the man; "I have taken them to pieces myself, as I have many and many a time in the old squire's day. Sir Arthur, he saw them just now, and said they were beautiful; indeed, he said —"

"Well, what did he say?" asked his mistress, as the old man hesitated, and looked rather foolish.

"Why, ma'am, if I must say it," he answered, "Sir Arthur said, that if you was a-going to fight a duel, you couldn't be better supplied. And he said, ma'am,—begging your pardon,—that he hoped you would have the pleasure of shooting that villain Swing through the head yourself with one of these pistols. 'I hope so, Sir Arthur!' says I; I did indeed, ma'am, and I hope you will."

"It's an awful thing to take a fellow-creature's life, Wilson," said Miss Compton, half-laughing, half-serious. "I shall aim at no man's head; I much prefer disabling these poor wretched creatures; and I do hope that you and the rest of the men will avoid destroying life, whatever else you do."

"They don't deserve it, ma'am; indeed they don't," responded Wilson. "Tom Whipcord swears he'll kill every man he can get at, if once they fire at the house. He has never forgiven the fellows that poisoned the two best pointers, hasn't Tom. Coming, Sir Arthur! coming directly!" suddenly cried the warlike butler, unceremoniously rushing from the room, as he heard the voice of the old soldier calling to him from the distance.

"If you will come with me," said Miss Compton, laughing good-humouredly at Wilson's escapade, "I will present you to the commandant of our little fortress, and he shall assign you your posts."

As we followed her out of the room, Roger whispered in my ear:

"I'm quite of my mother's opinion; the Squire's first-rate!"

[To be continued.]

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## PROTESTANTISM AT SEA.

### A SKETCH.

It has been remarked, that any thing of religious, political, or literary interest, is nowhere so absurdly discussed as in naval circles. Perhaps this observation is hardly correct, inasmuch as any question would fare even worse in military society. But that there is a great deal of truth in the remark will be shown by a short sketch of a few incidents in the life of a Catholic in a man-of-war a few years ago.

I had joined a three-decker as naval cadet about the time when party-feeling was running with more than its usual

virulence against every thing Catholic. One or two Protestants of high repute had become Catholics, and their (late) brethren in England were so highly incensed, that two Rugby boys were flogged for following their example. I laughed at the enlistment of the birch into the Protestant ranks as a new ally. But I soon found that in the navy the authorities were quite as intolerant of "Popery" as the most rabid schoolmasters.

I will not detain my readers with an account of my joining, of the miseries of the first night, the sickening disgust of the first morning. H.M.S. *Columbia*, which had been lying at Spithead when I came on board, was very soon under weigh, dashing down Channel before a fair breeze, on her way to the Mediterranean. It was not at first known either among my messmates or among the superior officers that I was one of that persecuted sect denominated Papists. But such things cannot long be hidden. Sunday came; the men were mustered, and then the bell began to sound for church. The boatswain descended on the lower deck, and swore at the men till they went up with the necessary benches; and then, having done his duty, he went to partake of a little piety during the service, and a good nap during the sermon, so as to be ready for his grog immediately after. Then the midshipmen and youngsters went up, a few oldsters staying below, to keep the remainder from following their example. It is an extraordinary fact, that when a person arrives at the dignity of a mate, he has always an insuperable objection to attending the service: his conscience has perhaps grown so tender by that time, that he doubts the efficacy of the Protestant religion, and drinks bottled beer in the gun-room instead of hearing the chaplain's bottled-up eloquence above. Of course, too, I stayed below; and this brought the affair to its climax.

"Hollo! there's a youngster!" said one of the mates.

"A youngster! And what do you mean, sir, by staying here now?"

"It's like your impiety," said a third, whose morality was so strict that he, unfortunately, could not practise it himself, and thus rushed into the opposite extreme; "it's like your impiety to be here when you ought to be joining in prayer and praise. Remember your soul, young man; and remember that I'll give you a good thrashing if you stay down here another Sunday!"

"Why, the young whelp will have us all found out," groaned another, driving away the thought by a glass of ale.

"It's positively sinful to be wasting away such time!" said Morality.



"Quite against the rules of the mess," said Discipline.

"For a weak mortal."

"For a vile youngster."

"Go on your knees, sir, and pray this instant; not aloud, though."

"Or come over mine, and I'll thrash you, you whelp!"

It must not be imagined that I give these pious remarks as they actually came forth. I have omitted the oaths that never failed to adorn each sentence. Thus, when the mate said it was positively sinful, he declared a certain fate would happen to him if it was not.

"I cannot attend the service here," I replied.

"Impiety! Why not, sir?"

"Impudence! I should like to know why?"

"Because I am a *Catholic*." The dread avowal was out at last. My censors sat in silence for an instant.

"A Catholic! No, that you're not; you're a youngster!" said one, who not exactly knowing what a Catholic was, fancied I might intend to call myself an oldster. But the moral mate took it yet more gravely.

"A Catholic! This is very serious. You must be clobbered to-morrow: perhaps we may yet effect your spiritual cure and conversion. But your case is very sad! I will advise you to meditate upon it to-night, and you will be clobbered to-morrow morning, after school."

When an oldster says you will be clobbered, gentle youngsters, you may safely take his words as prophetic. I believe your only refuge would be found in jumping overboard; but going to the commander would be of no use. Now, perhaps, you would like to know what is a clobbering. It is a punishment inflicted either with a ruler, a sword-scarbber, or a rope's end. You are tied to one of the guns,—a process known in the Navy as a marriage with the gunner's daughter,—and you receive a certain number of blows with one of the aforementioned implements. The probability is you would not like this mode of proceeding. I remember that I disapproved of it vehemently.

Of course, too, the other midshipmen, who were a few years older than myself, used to play me tricks connected with my religion. Religion seems rather a favourite subject for jests on board ship. I have seen youngsters, fresh from home, kneeling to say their prayers, and being immediately knocked over. However, the tricks played on me were of a more *recherché* character, showing more invention and better taste. A bucket of water would be brought when I was in my hammock: the midshipmen would go through irreverent parodies

of sacred signs, in order to make the water holy, and then would overturn it into my hammock, saying that if it was really holy water, a Catholic would not be wetted by it, or catch cold. The sign of the cross used to be chalked on my back; and one of those mates, who delight in slitting the noses of youngsters and rubbing gunpowder in, tattooed me in this manner, also with the sign of the cross. Certainly, the age of martyrdom is by no means gone by. These matters soon reached the ears of the commander; he sent for me to discuss the subject, and I hoped he would have in some manner protected me from my tormentors. I found, however, I was mistaken. Commander Borinham was a tall stout man, with a red nose that spoke of drink, and perpetually turned-up eyes that showed his height of morality.

"I understand, Mr. Solesbeck, that you are a Roman Catholic?"

"I am a Catholic, sir."

"No, sir, you have no claim to that title; and I shall not allow you to claim it while you are in my ship. I will be commander of my own vessel, sir. Understand distinctly that you are a *Roman* Catholic."

"Very well, sir."

"Very well, sir; and I wonder you are not ashamed of yourself. Do you know that the Roman Catholic Church is the most disgraceful institution on the face of the earth; that the Pope is a would-be sovereign, who intrigues with every court in Europe for the purpose of gaining converts? Do you know that the priesthood is uniformly debased by the most revolting crimes; murder, incest, and sacrilege prevailing invariably among them? Do you know that the priest in the confessional has power to order his devotees to perform the most disgraceful penances; and that if they were to disobey, or breathe a word to any one, they would infallibly be poniarded by the Jesuit who is sent to look after them? Do you know that Jesuits habitually enter the Church of England to make converts; and that they so make converts in the most shameful manner, lying and intriguing, perjuring and forswearing, even seducing? Do you know these facts, sir?"

"No, sir; I never heard of them before," answered I in astonishment.

"Then know them in future."

"Are they true, sir?"

"True; ay as true, and as firmly established, as . . . . as . . . the Roman Catholics are false."

This was certainly conclusive enough. But the commander was not yet satisfied. He was one of those furious

Protestants with whom you frequently meet; people whose soundest claim to be considered as members of the one true Church, whose most sufficient proof of the authenticity of Protestantism is, that they themselves are members of a Church which is partly in the right, because it is English, and entirely infallible, because *they* belong to it. Our commander was a type of this school. He believed himself to be right on all subjects; and abused the Pope, saying that he arrogated the same power. He was inordinately intolerant; yet one of his accusations against Catholics was, that they were also intolerant. His learning was of no very great extent. All that he said against Rome was quoted from certain tracts, which he read with great avidity. Dr. Boffin's tracts on the Mystical Babylon; the Seven Hills; Bumpus on the Beast; with sundry other small volumes, interpreting Scripture in the most singular manner,—such were his classics. He quoted several passages from these pamphlets for my instruction, and finished the *séance* by giving me a general order to come to church, under pain of watch-and-watch.

After a certain time of solitude on the ocean, H.M.S. *Columbia* arrived at Malta. A general order was issued on our arrival, forbidding midshipmen to ask leave to go on shore on any other days except Saturday and Sunday. It seemed somewhat surprising that so staunch a Protestant as Commander Borinham should allow landing on Sunday; but his doing so was advantageous for me, inasmuch as I should be able to go to the Catholic churches.

On the first Sunday, therefore, I asked leave. From the commander's look, I saw that a lecture was impending.

"I am scarcely surprised," he began, "at such a demand. Roman Catholics never read their Bibles; the Pope forbids them the use of the Scriptures; and therefore it is not singular by any means that you should desire to do what is expressly forbidden."

"I thought, sir, you had forbidden us to ask leave on the other days of the week?"

"Don't shock me, sir, by such displays of ignorance! The Bible expressly forbids you to go on shore on Sunday: you, who never read the Bible, do not know this; but yet you must know something: I cannot believe you are totally in ignorance."

"Really sir, I—"

"Don't interrupt me into the bargain, Mr. Solesbeck. I cannot help it if you will shock my feelings as a Christian; but—if I let you disobey me as a commander—"

"I have not the slightest intention, upon my word, sir."



"I am really surprised that you, a Roman Catholic, professing to be so exceeding religious as not to be able to come to church on Sunday, can yet ask to be allowed to go on shore on a Sunday to indulge in vain pleasure on this sacred day." Here occurred a momentary interruption, one of the midshipmen coming to ask leave, and receiving it instantaneously; this over, the lecturer continued: "I fear much, sir, for your religious state."

"But, sir, I asked leave to-day in order that I might go to church, to the Catholic church on shore."

"I expected you would answer me so, Mr. Solesbeck: I was fully prepared for such an equivocation from a Roman Catholic. No Catholic of your age and station,—I use the word Catholic, of course, meaning a member of the English Church,—would have dared to frame such a falsehood; but you Papists are trained in lying from your cradles by the Jesuits, who are your able instructors; I know perfectly well, as well as you do, that you had not the slightest intention of going to church: I shall therefore punish you, sir; firstly, for your offence against religion; secondly, for your falsehood; you will keep watch-and-watch for a fortnight, and you will not ask leave for two months."

The reflection may be singular; but this man was only a humble imitator of good Queen Bess, and "our glorious deliverer," William III. If you were to talk to him about martyrs, he would only remember the Protestants "butchered by bloody Mary," and would not connect the name of martyrdom in any respect with the reign of "gentle Betsey." In this he may appear inconsistent; but you must bear in mind, that a Protestant who is put to death for his religion is always a martyr among his brethren, while to them a Catholic slain on the same account would be merely a criminal. There are hundreds of such people as Commander Borinham on shore; but luckily they are not all in power, and cannot exhibit the strange freaks of this Protestant old man of the sea. Fortunately my relations with him came to a speedy termination; one of those unexplained mysteries with which the modern Navy teems having caused his departure from the *Columbia*.

W.

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### Reviews.

*The Englishwoman in Russia: Impressions of the Society and Manners of the Russians at Home.* By a Lady, ten years resident. London, Murray.

PASSION is apt to depreciate an opponent, when prudence should lead us at least to give him his due. Passion has its place as well as prudence; you would hardly expect a body of Lancers to charge with compliments to the unlucky *vis-à-vis* on their lips; and we never heard any one express surprise at the French infantry rushing into the farm-house of La Haye Sainte shrieking "*coquin*" at every thrust of the bayonet. The addresses of admirals and generals before an engagement usually promise an easier and cheaper victory than the event fulfils: and no one blames them; for in such moments passion is the tool that does the work, however it may require to be directed by the prudence of those who use it.

It must be owned that our war-literature has hitherto smacked more of passion than of prudence; we have been given too much to run down one who has proved himself an able and bold adversary. We have exalted our own means and depreciated his, till experience has taught us that his walls are not cemented with mud, nor his ships built of rotten timber, nor his artillerymen unable to take aim. If the Russians had been such as our literature has generally represented them to be, we should not only have wintered in Sebastopol, but possibly should have had the spoils of the winter palace displayed in the National Gallery in Trafalgar Square.

Now, we should be the last to blame the appeal to passion when it is necessary; which it is, or rather, has been, in the present case. The war is, we believe, just, and even necessary; but no one can deny that it was commenced under false pretences. In his inmost thought, what Englishman of sense ever cared a button for the stability of the Turkish rule? A war for such an object must be backed by passion and prejudice; for judgment and prudence would both revolt at the idea. Judgment and prudence might decide to turn the Turkish Empire to their own ultimate purposes, to use it as a tool, as a means to an end; but to rest on it as an end could scarcely have even occurred to any one who had ever so little knowledge of what the Turks are.

If it were not for the consequences, the absorption of Turkey into Russia would be looked upon with profound indifference by all Englishmen, except, perhaps, Turkey mer-

chants, or speculators who imagined that England might have absorbed it herself. We care no more for the Turks, as such, than for the Samoedies and Laplanders, whose transformation into Muscovites we contemplate with philosophic calm. But it is impossible to view the fate of Turkey as an isolated fact. It is merely a step in a progression, a specimen from a collection, a symbol of a series of corresponding facts. Europe has before now been overrun by northern barbarism; she has witnessed her ancient civilisation crushed under the heel of a barbarian conqueror, and she has groaned under ages of corruption and brutality, the consequences of her defeat. What has been once, she dreads to see happen again. Moreover, her sacred books talk of Gog and Magog, gigantic powers and swarming hosts which descend from the north, bringing ruin in their train. In accordance with this there has been a widely-spread suspicion, a dread, a secret expectation of this destined scourge, an expectation which has been fortified by the expressed prognostications of some of the clearest-headed men that ever lived, as when Napoleon declared that Europe was destined to become either Republican or Cossack.

Then, on the other hand, the same thought has been dwelt upon and fostered with far different feelings in Russia itself; denied strenuously by the government in its dealings with foreign powers; concealed with the greatest care by the civilised members of the community who have been allowed to mingle in the society of the western nations; but all the while inculcated at home, taught in schools, assumed by the clergy, and appealed to by the emperor when he would rouse the fanaticism of his subjects. Nor have deeds been wanting to confirm this just suspicion. Little by little have the frontiers of the empire advanced,—now taking in the Crimea, now Poland, now Finland, now Bessarabia, now Caucasia; and with larger strides has the influence of the Czar increased. United by the closest bonds with the royal families of Prussia, of Denmark, of Holland, of the smaller German states, he took the opportunity of the troubles of 1848 to bind Austria to himself by ties which it would have been the blackest ingratitude to disavow, and which have been an ample reason for the temporising policy of that great and noble power. With all Germany under his thumb,—with influence almost paramount over Scandinavia, Holland, Naples, Constantinople, Persia,—Russia had certainly become a just object of suspicion, dread, and aversion to the Western powers. They had a right to say to her that they could not allow any more growth to her power. The security of the world required that measures should be



taken to confine her within her limits. No juster cause could exist for war.

But then a cause like this belongs rather to philosophy and to history than to practical politics. Men, practical men, will not fight for what they consider to be a dream, a presentiment, a symbol. They take facts as they are,—in their isolation, not in their connection and import. They will bear a great deal, provided too much is not inflicted at once. True it is that it is the last ounce that turns the balance, the last straw that breaks the donkey's back; but if people have been donkeys enough to allow themselves to be laden to within the last straw, they will probably resign themselves to that also, and quietly drop under their load. It is, therefore, the business of those who direct the people to watch the meaning of facts, to stop the dam when it begins to leak, to crush the commencements of iniquity and injustice; and if this can only be done by war, and if war requires excited passions, the statesman must represent the fact and the perpetrator of it in colours proper to stir up the requisite amount of prejudice and passion. In England we are all statesmen that can procure a hearing for a few words: from the pot-house parlour—or, to take an equally low beginning, from the platform of Exeter Hall—to the floor of the House of Commons; from the press which prints the penny ballad to the steam-engine which manufactures the *Times*; from the garret of the penny-a-liner to the study of Lord John Russell,—all political word-factories are centres of power, and contribute their quota to our government, if in no other way, at least by exciting the passions of the people. And it cannot be denied that our war-literature has hitherto attempted to do this work, if not honestly, at least heartily.

But this kind of thing soon gets wearisome. Indeed, it is only possible on the field, where passion enables an army to endure loss after loss with the spirit of a gambler who doubles his stake to retrieve his fortune; and even there, after a few months of hostilities, passion cools, and compliments are exchanged in the intervals of business. But outside of the immediate scene of action, the reflective powers speedily reassert their supremacy, and lead to a reactive movement as soon as they are undeceived. Where there is a strict censorship of the press, the literature of passion may succeed for many years. In a country like England, it is neither possible nor desirable that it should extend beyond the first impulse; in Russia the case appears to be different.

“The Russians,” says ‘The Englishwoman,’ “are not enlightened

enough to separate the individual from the nation, and think it a proof of patriotism to show their resentment to any son or daughter of England whom they chance to meet. As soon as the Declaration of War was known, there was a marked and very disagreeable change in the manners of even my oldest and most attached friends: it seemed that those few words were sufficient to sever the bonds of amity, and to place a barrier of ice between those who had previously been on the closest terms of intimacy; indeed, I verily believe that they would just as readily have touched a toad as have shaken hands with an English person. This intolerant feeling of course found vent in words, as well as in silent indications; and at last it reached so great a height, that it became almost impossible for any one to remain in the country who was obliged to come into daily contact with them. No opprobrious term was too coarse for us: 'those dogs,' 'those swine, the English,' were expressions so general, that we were not surprised to hear them even from the lips of ladies of rank and education."

Again:

"Every thing that could be done by the government for raising the anger and fanaticism of the people against the English was resorted to, and it was nothing uncommon to hear many of the lower classes declare that they would cut the throats of all the heretics within reach, as soon as they heard the sound of the cannon at Cronstadt, as the sacrifice of a certain number of them was necessary in order to ensure the victory on their side. A pleasant prospect for our poor countrymen left in the capital. But it is not astonishing,—taught, as they are, that we are heretics,—that all their fanatical feelings are raised, and all their barbarian antipathy set in antagonism to us and the French."

We should be content to leave this childish method to a people whom we affect to despise, but who, be it remembered, are much more reasonable in the use of it than we can be; a nation whose facts and history, as well as their principles, are manufactured for them, must be expected to repeat what they are taught, to argue on what they have received, and not to strike out an independent path for themselves. At any rate, we should be ashamed to show ourselves as childish as those whom we despise as children, to protest with the *Morning Herald*, because some poor old Russian Count is asked to dinner by one of the Ministry, or because the Russian prisoners are invited to balls; or, to take a commoner instance, to be forever depreciating every thing Russian. "Is Philip dead?" was the continual question of the degenerate Athenian concerning the northern autocrat, when the Macedonian power threatened her colonies. "No, by Jove; but he is sick," was the ever-ready answer,—the offspring of the wish, not of knowledge.

The "Englishwoman in Russia" appears to us to have attempted a fair appreciation from her own point of view of what she saw in her ten years' residence in the country. She has no petty prejudices against it; and when she concludes "there is much to love and little to esteem,—much to admire and little to respect in Russia and the Russians," the unfairness, if there is any, may possibly be the fault of the head, not of the heart; of the prejudices of birth, education, and religion, not of a temporary excitement of passion.

Of course, the things which an Englishwoman picks out for most reprobation are serfage, espionage and the rest of the means of arbitrary government, and superstition. With respect to serfage, she can, it is true, bring together many shocking stories,—not half so black as Mr. Dickens collected about our kinsman Jonathan and his way of treating his slaves; but she also adduces several which to our minds prove nothing at all, and several which show that the Russian serfs are very comfortably off,—quite as much so as the population of some of our manufacturing districts, with this addition, that spiritually they are always cared for. To tell stories of ladies boxing their maids' ears, or thumping their gardeners' backs, or making their footmen stand in the corner, or calling them up to stand in a row, and exhibit their new liveries, affords pleasant reading, but certainly no ground for any conclusion, theoretical or practical, of any importance whatever. To tell us that masters either forbid or command their serfs to get married, is only to say that they do much the same as our military authorities do with the soldiers. To adduce two or three instances of serfs taking dreadful vengeance for crimes committed against them by their masters, is only perhaps to provoke retort,—such a thing has been known in England as servants and dependents murdering tyrannical or unjust employers;—while the stories she tells of the devotion of serfs to their masters, show that those who have the most right to complain are sometimes the last to do so. Of course, those on whom slavery presses the heaviest are the educated serfs, the merchants or artists, who have to pay an arbitrary and often ruinous poll-tax to their owners. These feel the full evils of an iniquitous system; for the rest, those who till the ground or tend the flocks, their position might perhaps be enviable to some pauper populations, who would barter their liberty for the necessities of life. We cannot look upon slavery through the spectacles of Mrs. Beecher Stowe and the abolitionists. However, be this as it may, it is mere folly to say that the institution of serfage, taken by itself, is the weakness of the Russian empire. If the serfs were all a gloomy set of unwilling



slaves, captives of war, goaded by the remembrance of a lost liberty, or by the continual tyranny of their owners, they might be a dangerous class; but in Russia serfage is part of one vast national system; it is a fanaticism, an enthusiasm, as De Custine tells us; the serfs' masters are the emperor's slaves, and quite as loyal to him, if we may degrade the word, as their own slaves to them. "You would hardly imagine," says De Custine, "the way in which a new master is received by his serfs when he comes to take possession: it is a servility which would be incredible to our people; men, women, and children, all fall on their knees before the new proprietor; all kiss his hands, some his feet; and even, O miserable profanation! those who are old enough to do wrong, voluntarily confess their sins to this master, who is to them the image, the messenger of God, and who in his own person is the representative both of the King of heaven and of the emperor." The upper classes are drilled into the same reverence for their master. If the ladies whip their maids, the police sometimes whip them; and they are brought up in the same manner:

"The whole system of education in Russia seems to have been expressly devised for stifling all feelings of independence in the heart of youth, so that they may submit without a struggle to the despotic government under which they have the misfortune to be born. Their minds are formed to one pattern, just as their persons are by the military drill; their energies are made to contribute in every way towards the aggrandisement of the Czar's power, and to render more solid the chains of their country: 'We have no *great men*,' said a Russian, 'because they are all absorbed in the name of the emperor:' meaning that individual glory could not exist. The Mussulman teaches his child, 'There is but one God, and Mahomet is his prophet.' The Russian as piously inculcates the precept that 'Nicholas is his general.' 'God and the Czar know it,' is often the reply of a Muscovite when he can give no direct answer to a question. A gentleman was one evening giving us an account of the emperor's journey to Moscow, and of the manner in which he had been received on his route. 'I assure you,' continued he, 'it was gratifying in the extreme; for the peasants knelt as he passed, just as if *c'était le bon Dieu lui-même*.'"

Can such a universal loyalty and fanaticism in slavery be aught else than a source of strength? What must be the value of an army attached to its generals and officers by such feelings as this? While on this subject, we may mention, not as matter of reproach against the wronged race, who perhaps can only revenge themselves in this way, but as a mere fact, that, as far as our author has been able to judge, the Poles are infinitely more unfeeling and tyrannical to their serfs than the

Russians. It depends very much on national character ; but it is possible that the relationship of master and slave should be one of affection, loyalty, and esteem, instead of one of compulsion ; and this seems to be very much the case in Russia.

We can agree much better with our authoress in her sneers at espionage ; a system which seems to be turned in Russia to every possible account. It begins with childhood, and never ceases but with death. In education

“ there is a great deal too much restraint and watching, leaving the young person no time for reflection, by which the mind may be strengthened ; and by this means so much distrust is displayed in the conduct of a youth of either sex, that, as a natural consequence, lying, deceit, and cunning are produced ; for no human being likes to know that his every action is the subject of an established espionage, and he will inevitably resort to meanness to avoid detection.”

It is a saying, that out of three Russians together, you may be sure that one is a spy ; no one is to be trusted, from the highest general, or the most respected priest, to the gayest French milliner. Walls have ears ; and for this exalted purpose even the deaf and dumb find their hearing and their voice :

“ I remember, when in the province of Archangel, a deaf-and-dumb gentleman paid the town a visit ; he was furnished with letters of introduction to some families there, and was well received at the governor's table. His agreeable manners and accomplishments, joined to his misfortune, made him a general favourite, and caused much interest ; he could read French, German, Russian, and Polish ; was a connoisseur in art, and showed us several pretty drawings of his own execution. Two or three times I was struck with an expression of more intelligence in his face than one would expect when any conversation was going on behind his back. It was not until three years after that I accidentally heard this very man spoken of in St. Petersburg. He was one of the government spies.”

The restraint which this system puts on conversation, the suspicion it engenders, the frivolity which alone it permits to be safe, the duplicity and deceits which are its natural effects, have come to be a portion of the national character. “ Thanks to its government,” says De Custine, “ the Russian people has become taciturn and deceitful, when its nature is to be gentle, gay, obedient, peaceable, and generous ; these are great gifts, but all are spoiled by the want of sincerity.”

With regard to their so-called superstitions, we are much more disposed to sympathise with the poor Russians than with the English lady, who, indeed, is often struck by the similarity between their religion and Popery. Like the primitive

Christians, they are always making the sign of the cross; they manifest "deeply-felt devotion;" they "certainly do frequent their places of worship much more than their brethren in more polished countries, and believe what their pastors teach them." Nor are they remiss in other duties. "In all cases of domestic misfortune and trouble the Russians are unequalled in their display of kindness of heart and sympathy towards the sufferers, and unwearied in their endeavours to lighten the sorrows of their friends . . . . It is at such times that their amiable qualities, their charity and affectionate feelings, ought to be witnessed." Their hospitality is unbounded; their vices are exaggerated in the reports of travellers. "The charge of inebriety among those of superior rank is entirely false; a Russian gentleman seldom takes much wine, and the ladies never." The four besetting sins of the serfs are "lying, cunning, dishonesty, and intoxication." The last our authoress excuses on account of the cold climate, and the temptations in their way, as one of the greatest sources of revenue to the government is the sale of brandy, which consequently the people are encouraged to drink. The three first mentioned are certainly the natural result of the system on which they are educated and governed; for immorality will always be more odious, astute, and subtle, in proportion as it is obliged to dissemble. She adds another vice, much deeper in its dye; but this seems to be chiefly confined to the houses of the rich.

The Russian people seem to offer the best materials for religion of any of the populations in Europe: faith wears almost with them the appearance of a gift of nature instead of grace. There are many fearful superstitions, which are to be laid to the score of their priests, and of the government, which denies them instruction. For in Russia, as De Custine often tells us, no public religious instruction is allowed; there are no pulpits and no sermons. Yet here they will bear comparison with Anglicans. If we had to decide between a Church that abolished the confessional and one that eliminated the sermon, we would certainly (with the Protestant Niebuhr) choose the latter. The Russian Church is bad enough, but even in its methods of teaching it is not so bad as the Anglican.

The evils of Russian society are attributed by our author to the system of forcing a borrowed civilisation upon people not ready for it: barbarism, she thinks, has been really prolonged by gilding it with an artificial polish. Neither morals nor manners have benefited by it. When Peter the Great made the Russian dames walk abroad without their veils, they argued from the symbol to the reality, and put off their mo-



desty also. The upper classes have only added French polish and immorality to their Slavonic foundation. Look at that young officer who is making so many signs of the cross, and such profound reverence to the picture of the Madonna at the corner of the street. That is his Russian nature, the faith he has sucked with his mother's milk, has breathed in his native air. Look into his dressing-case, and there you will find with his razors Eugene Sue's *Wandering Jew*, or Paul de Kock's most immoral tale. This is the French polish; this is what the government imports for him to make him fit to meet Western society. Afraid of any works that would make people think to any purpose, "it seems the rule at the censor's office to let all the books pass that are likely to increase the demoralisation of the nation, such as the detestable novels of Eugene Sue and Georges Sand, and so on, and to exclude all those that would tend to its enlightenment, or would contribute to forward true and solid civilisation." Happily this polish has not yet penetrated below the highest strata of society.

Taken by itself, the Russian is a noble people, young, energetic, and religious; many of its vices are not its own, but the government's. Apart from this incubus, it would be the very thing to instil fresh blood into the degenerate populations of Europe, to rekindle their expiring faith, to reanimate their failing energies. But if it must bring with it its Church and its Czar, to which it is at present so fanatically attached, then we are much better off as we are, in spite of the Red-republicans, the Esparteros, the Cavour, the Palmerstons, and man-devils that harass us and job us. But it is a question whether the present state of things in Russia could last under a change of circumstances. Both Church and State now depend on two things,—on distance and on secrecy. They would, perhaps, fail and die in large and thick populations, in centres of discussion. Publicity is an atmosphere in which they could not live: the spy-system is any thing but open; it sits in a darkened chamber, and peeps through a hole in the shutter into the daylight beyond; it has an ear for all chinks and an eye for all keyholes; but if it is seen or heard, it dies.

It is not the Russian people, but the Russian government, that is aggressive: the people is content enough with its own country; it is only by a determined system of education that it is taught to desire what is not its own. Church, government, education, are so many instruments to render the Russian people a tool in the hands of an ambitious family or clique. The noblest things are turned to the worst account; faith is turned into fanaticism for a padded pontiff in jack-boots, and for a Church which is his slave,—a Church from

which, while it is subject to him, the Catholic Church can expect nothing but hatred and persecution.

For this reason, because the Russian Church is a political engine, an instrument of slavery, and a cruel persecutor, Catholics approve of the present war. Doubtless the Russian is nearer to the kingdom of heaven than the Anglican; doubtless he goes to war with an intention more purely religious than either Englishman or Frenchman: yet his religion is, after all, tainted with idolatry; it is Czar-worship, it is a revival of the old Roman deification of imperial power, of the caliphate, of the polity of the Grand Lama, of that of the "brother of the sun and moon," in fact, of the pagan principle of confounding the things of Cæsar with those of God. We could easily fancy a development of European politics that would make us prefer the rule of the Czar to that of Kossuth or Louis Blanc; but while things are as they are, we infinitely prefer the *status quo*. God may in His judgment see fit to renew faith in Europe by a Cossack conquest, and by the blood of martyrs like St. Andrew Bobola; but we should be the last to invite such an infliction, unless a worse dread compelled us. For, after all, a renewal of barbarism would be better than an extinction of religion.

The book which has given occasion for these remarks is well-timed and sincere. The author has no literary merit, except the desire to speak the truth; her facts of which she was eye-witness may be trusted; those which she repeats on hearsay may fairly be questioned; and her reflections will be received just so far as her principles coincide with those of her readers. The anecdotes, though often to the point, are as often mere gossip; however, they enliven the book, and make it both readable and interesting. We might make a large selection, and yet leave many good stories unquoted; but we prefer an extract or two on the subject of the convents and Greek priesthood.

"Among my acquaintances was the abbess of a nunnery in the province of Twer. Her reason for having embraced the sacred profession was one which we found common enough in Russia: '*Je n'avais pas de succès dans le monde, ainsi je me suis faite religieuse.*' She was of high family; but the generality of those who devote themselves to convent-life are not of noble birth; indeed, we were told that by so doing, those who are of gentle blood lose their rank. . . . She very politely took me over her establishment, and explained their mode of life. Most of the nuns were either the daughters or widows of priests.

" 'Those young girls,' said the superior, throwing open the door of a large apartment, 'are the orphan children of priests;

they are brought up in the convent as the proper asylum for such. They are, as you perceive, very busy in embroidering the church vestments.'

" ' But what becomes of them in after-life, *ma mère* ?'

" ' Oh,' replied the abbess, ' some of them are married off in after-life to young priests ; for of course you are aware that no pope (papa, the Russian name for priests) can have a cure unless he be married. Those who have not a chance of becoming so settled remain in the convent, and when they are of the proper age they take the veil ; but no one can do so till she is forty ; they hold the position of novices until then.' "

The Englishwoman then saw and wondered at the splendid vestments and so forth which the girls were working, and afterwards was conducted to the wardrobe belonging to the church. She was amazed at the number and the richness of the vestments, and was told they were made out of the palls thrown over the coffins at the funerals of the rich. The mother-abbess, however, seems to have been sufficiently *canny* with her heretical visitor :

" My friend the abbess often expressed the most enlightened sentiments regarding religious sects, and I always ascribed great liberality to her on those points ; but I was assured that they were not her real sentiments, but that she very frequently uttered them merely out of politeness when persons of another creed were present."

A little event took place at the convent, which must have delighted our anti-papistical Englishwoman. Her heart spontaneously warmed to the young, handsome, picturesque, and, above all, the sacerdotal Benedick :

" One day, when I was at the convent, a young priest begged to speak to the superior. He was of an interesting appearance, apparently about twenty-four or twenty-five years of age ; his beautiful hair was parted in the middle, and hung down in wavy curls a foot long over his shoulders ; his nose and mouth were well formed ; but what gave extreme intelligence to his countenance was a pair of bright black eyes with dark eyebrows : altogether I had rarely seen a more prepossessing young man. He was dressed in the long purple silk robe with loose sleeves, the extremely becoming costume of the Greek clergy, and suspended round his neck was a thick gold chain, to which was attached a crucifix of the same precious metal. The abbess received him with much kindness ; and after remaining a few minutes in the drawing-room they retired together into another apartment. A short time elapsed ere the superior returned : when she did so, she informed me that her visitor was a young priest to whom a cure had been offered ; and as no one can accept a cure unless he be married, he had called to inquire of her if, among the orphan daughters of the clergy in her convent, she



could recommend him a suitable wife ; ‘ which is very fortunate,’ added she ; ‘ for there is a young girl named Annascha, whom I have been wishing to get married for the last year ; she is just nineteen, and he could not find a better partner.’

“ ‘ But is she likely to be agreeable to the match ?’

“ ‘ I think so,’ replied the abbess ; ‘ but he is to come to-morrow morning to see her.’ ”

A month afterwards they were married, with bridesmaids, orange-flowers, and all the rest of it. Only imagine one of *our* priests, just appointed to the charge of a mission in London, Liverpool, Manchester, or Newcastle, and straightway rushing off in a purple silk cassock, and with his waving hair the envy of all the *friseurs* in Bond Street, to the nearest convent to beg the superioress to find him a wife ! The Greek priests,—*i. e.* the good ones,—may be very respectable heads of the domestic *ménage* ; but we prefer a discipline which makes the priest’s home to be in his confessional.

One singular abuse in particular follows from this matrimonial system :

“ The priesthood in Russia form a class almost entirely distinct from the rest of the community : they mostly intermarry among their own families, and the circle of their acquaintance is limited to those of their profession. If a clergyman have no sons, an alliance with his daughter, if there be one, is much sought after by the young unbeneficed priests, as, on her father’s death, his living becomes her dowry : it may therefore be readily imagined how many suitors are desirous of espousing a girl so portioned.”

This paragraph we cannot help recommending earnestly to every thinking Protestant Englishman. It is the common cry among non-Catholics in this country that an unmarried clergy, like those of the Latin Catholics, are, by the force of their celibacy, isolated from all interests with the mass of the community. Having no domestic ties with the multitude of families around them, they become an alien, separated, dangerous class, with an eye only to the interests of their profession, and with hearts hardened to the ordinary feelings of humanity. Look, then, at the Russian Greek clergy, where the discipline of the Scotch Presbyterian Kirk is in force, and see the result. Their married priesthood are a far *more* isolated class than our Catholic clergy ; and they are not only an isolated, but a degraded and despised class. “ The son of a priest ” is a term of reproach. The truth is, that there is an instinct in Christianised humanity that a priest ought to be unmarried, if possible. A *preacher*, a *minister* may be married, and not lose his influence ; but a married *priest* is an anomaly which shocks the feelings of the pious laity, and can only be tolerated in peculiar cir-

cumstances, and as the least of two evils. We need hardly remind our Catholic readers, that where marriage is permitted among the *Catholic* Greeks of the East, it is entered into before ordination, and is discouraged; while among the schismatic Greeks of Russia it is more than encouraged,—it is all but compulsory.

Another quotation will complete the substance of our Englishwoman's remarks on the Russian clergy:

"I had many acquaintances among the clergy in the provinces, especially in Twer. I remember once I went to a fête given by the archbishop, and a very pleasant evening I passed. There was no dancing, of course, but we were entertained with singing and agreeable conversation. The young choristers and monks possessed beautiful voices; they stood among the thick shrubs, and sang at intervals their charming national airs like so many nightingales, whilst the brothers of the monastery handed round refreshment of all kinds. Among the company were our friend the abbess and the superior of another convent at some versts' distance: they were really very pleasant people. Our entertainer was a very reverend personage; his appearance well befitted his sacred position; his long snowy hair and beard, his benevolent countenance, and his stately figure, habited in the flowing robes of his order, gave him a truly apostolic look, and made us almost wish that the English clergy would adopt so becoming a costume. . . . On our taking leave, he bestowed his benediction on us all, but not before he had made us partake of some excellent champagne; and *I really quitted the palace with much greater respect for the Greek clergy than I had entertained before.*"

Here, then, is a hint for *our* bishops at home. Champagne is the prince of controversialists. When next some stiff Anglican ventures near them, let them order up the sparkling Silvery, and all will go well. The only question is, where will they get the champagne to offer to their guests?

"I was fortunate," adds our authoress, "in being acquainted with so many worthy people belonging to the Greek priesthood, and am glad to be able to speak well of a class of men of whom favourable opinions are not generally entertained by foreigners; but I believe that many speak ill of them upon false reports, and judge lightly of the merits of the many, from the disgraceful conduct of a few; or from those ignorant, debased members of the profession, who are to be found in the remote villages and almost barbarous districts of the interior. I remember accompanying a friend once on a visit to one of her estates at about 700 versts from St. Petersburg; the peasants came as usual to pay their respects to their proprietor. I was not astonished at any display of *slavish servility* on *their* part, as a long residence in Russia had too much accustomed me to such conduct; but I was greatly shocked and disgusted to see the priest descend to

such meanness as to prostrate himself to the earth, and kiss the lady's feet."

We conclude with a remark which paints the real nature of Russian "civilisation" in a few words:

"There is not a single shop in St. Petersburg in which a looking-glass is not placed for the benefit of the customers. Mirrors hold the same position in Russia as clocks do in England; with us time is valuable, with them appearance."

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#### HOW DID SCOTLAND BECOME PRESBYTERIAN?

*Lesly's (John) History of Scotland from the Death of King James I. to the year 1561.* 4to. Bannatyne Club.

*The Historie of the Reformation of Religioun within ye Realme of Scotland.* By John Knox. Edinburgh. Fol.

*The Diurnal of Occurrents in Scotland.* Bannatyne Club. 4to.

*History of Scotland.* By Patrick Fraser Tytler, Esq. 9 vols. 8vo. Edinburgh.

(Second Article.)

WHEN the assassins of Cardinal Beaton hung his mangled body over the parapet of St. Andrew's Castle, and bade the people "*see there their god!*" they afforded the strongest possible proof of the estimation in which he was held by the commonalty of his countrymen. That he was regarded by the great body of the Scotch nobility, and especially that large majority of them which was in the pay of England, with a very opposite feeling, we have already shown. The reasons also of that feeling we have made sufficiently clear. And it is obvious that the hatred of those traitor barons testifies as forcibly as the affection of the populace to the patriotism of the Cardinal.

His death left a void which no man living in the realm was capable of supplying. The talents and acquirements of the more eminent ecclesiastics were mostly joined to virtue of that meek and retiring nature which but ill-assorted with the administrative ability for which the murdered prelate was so remarkably distinguished. What there was of that talent elsewhere in the kingdom was developed chiefly in a grovelling, cunning, and selfish intrigue, with which the whole Protestant Scotch character is seamed and scarred to this very day. But if, through the length and breadth of that unfortunate kingdom, there was not a man able to assume the mantle of the illustrious personage whose loss his country was so deeply mourning, there was a lady, who to administrative ability but



little inferior to his, added a singular sweetness of charity no less in manner than in deed.

Mary of Guise became now, from the force of circumstances, the chief bulwark of the "national" party. The deep shadows of her daughter's tragic career have almost hidden the career of this noble woman. Certainly history has not yet done full justice to her singular merits. Her position was one of unprecedented difficulty. A powerful neighbour, not content with offering an asylum to the disaffected of her infant daughter's subjects, was moving heaven and earth, with an absolute regardlessness of means, to corrupt all the most powerful of them. That monarch's machinations had already compassed the death of the ablest and most patriotic subject of the realm. The great majority of the chief nobility was already in receipt of his bribes. The rest were not a whit more trustworthy. The moral force of the Church had been seriously enfeebled by the usurpation of her rights in the neighbouring kingdom. There was a prospect of a long minority. The Regent was a timid, vacillating man, whose one aim was to keep his own interests on the stronger side. Upon such an arena Mary of Guise entered single-handed, inspired with the noble resolve to maintain unimpaired the dignity of her daughter's crown; and in due time to hand it to her unimpaired in its prerogatives.

The opportunity of the Church's spoilers was clearly drawing near. The hands of that base nobility were already almost on their prey. The great mass of the people, in whose affection both Church and Crown were deeply seated, although possessing none of the power and importance of these days, were still an obstacle to so vast and sacrilegious a pillage, and one which it was not safe altogether to ignore. What was wanting was a substitute to be offered to the people in the room of the Church. It is probable that the blunt barons, who had never been wont to excuse themselves for any excess, had not even thought of the need of some decent protest for so flagitious a spoliation. On a small scale—of a single monastery for instance—they were not all unused to such iniquities. It was perhaps by the advice of Henry and his privy council that a new religion was definitively put forward. The Scotch nobility would have a similar change to that which had been effected in England. But the hatred of the people to the English alliance made that impossible; the farthest from the English model was the only feasible one for Scotland.

It was in pursuance of this policy that George Wishart had been sent back by Henry with the commissioners despatched by the Scottish parliament, in July 1543, to negotiate

the marriage of their infant Queen to the Prince of Wales. It is clear, from an attentive study of the events of this period, that the part enacted by John Knox, as the apostle of Scotland's new religion, had been originally assigned to Wishart. And as that "infamous celebrity" commenced his calling as Wishart's pupil, a short sketch of his career is necessary to the completeness of our review.

George Wishart was son of a justice clerk of James V. The patronage of Erskine of Dun, one of the earliest abettors of the "new opinions," inclined him towards them. For some years he kept a school in Montrose, of which town Erskine was provost; but his opinions exposing him to danger, he fled to Bristol. Here he was condemned for heresy, and publicly recanted in the church of St. Nicholas in the year 1538. At the beginning of 1543 we find him at the University of Cambridge; and it is possible that Henry VIII., finding him just the instrument he wanted for his dark designs in the sister country, had sent him to that university, after his recantation, to receive a somewhat more competent preparation for the work in which he was about to employ him.

In July 1543 he returned into Scotland with the commissioners, as we have noted. On the 17th of April in the following year, we find him conveying a proposition from his great patron and defender, after his return to Scotland, Crichton, laird of Brunston, to the Earl of Hertford, at Newcastle, for the murder of Cardinal Beaton. After this, till his execution in 1545, his occupation appears to have been that of an itinerant lecturer in the localities where he was able to pursue his calling in security. Under the protection of the Earls of Glencairn, Cassilis, and Maxwell, Sir George Douglas, and the Lairds of Dennistoun, Brunston, and Calder—all, of course, of the English faction—he went about preaching in Montrose, Dundee, Perth, and Ayr, guarded by armed bands; some trusty friend brandishing before him a two-handled sword, after the fashion of a conspirator rather than of a missionary, and with a conspirator's success.

The Cardinal, aware of the designs of this band of assassins, chose rather to make an example of the heretic than of the plotting murderer. This array of friendly lairds and barons had invited him to Edinburgh, in the hopes that his preaching might produce more effect there than it had done in the provinces. The Cardinal, however, arriving, he was withdrawn into West Lothian, where he lurked for some time with the worst villain of the faction, the Laird of Brunston. He was subsequently taken at the house of Ormistoun, Knox's patron; was tried, condemned, and, by the mercy of his judge, was

sentenced to be hung, and his body *afterwards* to be burnt as a heretic. The estimation in which he was held by the people, and the success of his missionary labours, may be gathered from an expression of John Knox's in his history of his master's trial: "hereupon," he writes, "the prydfull and scornefull Pe-pill that stud by mocked him, saying, *suche man, suche juge!*"

The two salient features of the actions and writings of the leading Puritans of the time of which we treat are cunning and falsehood. The extent of utter unscrupulousness of their misrepresentations of events and characters would be incredible to any one who has not diligently investigated the disgusting history. With unswerving steadfastness, they painted every deed and motive and individual on their own side in the colours of heaven; on the other, in those of hell. Recent Protestant historians, although each has cast some fresh light into this black epoch of lies, have not even dreamed of the extent of mystification amidst which they were groping. Even Tytler, who, by his diligent investigation in the State-Paper Office, has done more than any historian hitherto, to expose the limitless criminality of Scotland's first Presbyterians, has not been able to set himself so entirely free from the false views to which a national acquiescence of 300 years has lent almost the force of truth, as to call great crimes by their right names. For example; although the revelations made by the Ms. correspondence in Downing Street exhibit Knox to us as one of the basest of mankind, destitute of one redeeming virtue, he yet clings to the character which has been handed down to us of him by himself and others like him; and whilst his impartial pencil portrays correctly the facts of his life, he commits the inconsistency of conceding to him the character which only the grossest misrepresentation could ever have claimed for him.

It is the same with this miserable creature Wishart. The revelations of history have half-unmasked the veiled prophet of Scotland. His most ardent defenders, who are resolute to maintain that he was at all events half-saint, are compelled to admit that he was half-devil. But the old image still remains undisturbed in the Protestant temples. Ours is the first hand that has ever drawn aside the drapery of light which conceals it, and *identified the proto-martyr with the assassin*. Before we conclude our sketch of this first preacher of the "new evangel," we must not omit one remarkable feature; both because no stronger proof could be brought of his hypocritical insincerity of character, and also because there was no part of his master's example by which Knox profited more than this. He took the hint at a glance, and carried it out to perfection.



We allude to his pretended insight into futurity, by predicting, under the name of "judgments of God," calamities and crimes of whose approach he was cognisant, as a fellow-conspirator. Tytler, in allusion to this last trick of impostors, to which he is unable to close his eyes in his account of his hero, writes as follows :

"It was a little before the 4th of September, 1543, that the riots took place at Dundee; and though Knox does not give the date, we may presume, with a near approach to certainty, that it was at this time Wishart was interdicted from preaching in that city. Now, a week only before this, Cassilis, Glencairn, Angus, and Maxwell, with all their adherents, were mustering their forces for a great effort, and had advised Henry VIII. to send a main army into Scotland (Sadler, vol. i. p. 278-280), whilst the Laird of Brunston, Wishart's great friend and protector, was to be sent on a mission to that monarch from the governor. The preacher thus lived in the intimacy of those who knew that a visitation of fire and sword was already determined on Scotland; and he naturally, perhaps justifiably, availed himself of that knowledge to make a salutary impression on his hearers."

John Knox had been a priest; but had been degraded from his office, it is said, for an incestuous crime. At the time of his master's "evangelical" exertions, he was tutor to the two Douglasses, sons of the Laird of Langmiddey, and to a son of Cockburn, Laird of Ormistoun. His first public appearance on the "reforming" stage was an offer to brandish the double-handled sword before that designing criminal at his last preachment. He did not press his suit, however; and whilst Wishart expiated his crimes on the scaffold, his pupil was lurking in the mountain-fastnesses of his patron. Here he was hotly pursued by the ministers of the law. No man ever had a keener sense of the desirableness of discretion before valour than John Knox. He himself informs us, that he was just on the point of flying into Germany, when the success of the assassins of the Cardinal, their possession of the castle, and the support given to them by England, seemed to offer him for a while a secure retreat. It was nearly a year after the Cardinal's murder, according to Knox's account, that he betook himself to this congenial asylum. It is, however, but one of the numberless falsehoods of which his history is composed. Holinshed's statement is the true one, who writes :

"*The same evening that the Cardinal was slaine, the old lord of Grange, Mr. Henry Balnaves, one of the counsell of the realme, and sundrie gentlemen of the surname of Melvin, John Knocks, and others, to the number of seven score persons, entred the castell to*

their support, taking upon them to keep it against the governor and his partakers."

Scotland was horror-stricken at the sacrilegious crime just committed in her midst. For a moment the barons of the English faction and of the national party laid aside their differences. Mutual concessions were made; and it seemed as though a spirit of patriotism had been purchased by the blood of the slaughtered Cardinal. Twenty of the chief barons, temporal and spiritual, were divided into councils of four, who were to take it by turns to assist the governor in the administration of affairs, a month at a time. Parliament was convoked on the 29th July, and an act passed by which the assassins who held the castle of St. Andrew were declared guilty of treason; and all the lieges forbidden to render them any assistance; and the siege was immediately commenced.

At length the whole kingdom was divided into four districts, and the force of each was brought to bear successively upon it. About the end of December a cessation of hostilities was agreed upon, until the arrival of an absolution from the Pope for the Cardinal's murder.

"As the besieged," Keith tells us (book 1, chap v. p. 52) in his history, "notwithstanding their pretences to a more pure worship, had during the siege lived in much debauchery within the castle; so now, after they had got this respite, and were out of all fear of an enemy, they did not only make frequent excursions into the neighbouring parts, and commit depredations with fire and sword; but, as if the liberty got by their arms were to be spent in whoredoms, adulteries, and such-like vices, they ran into all the vices which idle persons are subject to; and they measured right and wrong by no other rule than their own lust."

These were the scenes, and this the spot, and these the people whence Knox received what he called his "*lawful vocation*" to the ministry! He thus describes the scene:

"They of the plaice, bot especiellie Mr. Henry Balnaveis and Johne Rough, Preichour," (of whom he writes a few lines before, 'albeit he was *not the most learned*:') "perceaving the maner of his Doctrine, began earnestlie to travell with him, that he wald tak the preiching place upoun him. Bot he utterlie refuisit, alledging, That he wald not rin quhair God had not callit him; meaning, that he wald do nothing without a lawfull vocation. Whereupon they pri-velie amonges themselves advising, having with thame in Cumpany Sir David Lindesay of the Mount, they concludid that they wald give a charge to the said Johne, and that publickly be the Mouth of thair Preicheour. And so upoun a certane Day, a Sermoune had of the Electioun of Ministeris, what Power the Congregation, *how small that evir it was*, passing the number of two or three, had

above any man, in quhome they suppoised & espyed the Giftes of God to be, and how dangerous it was to refuis, and not to heir the voice of suche as desyir to be instructed. The & other Heidis, we say, declaired; the said Johnne Roughe, Preicheour, directed his words to the said Johnne Knox, saying: '*Brother, ye sall not be offendit, albeit that I speik unto you, that which I have in charge, evin from all theis that ar heir present, whiche is this. In the name of God, and of His Sone Jesus Christe, and in the name of theis that presentlie callis you by my mouthe, I charge you, that ye refuis not this holie vocationne bot as ye tender the glorie of God, the Incesce of Christis Kingdom, the edificatioun of your Brethren, and the comfort of me quhome ye understand well anench to be oppressed by the Multitude of Labours; that ye tak upoun yow the publict office and charge of preaching, evin as ye luik to aroyd Godis hevie Displesur, and desyre that He sall multiplie His graices with yow. And in the End he said to theis that war present, Was not this your charge unto me? And do ye not approve this vocation?*' They answered: '*It was, and we approve it.*' Quhairat the said Johnne, abashed, brust furthe in maist abundant Tearis, and withdrew himself to his chalmers, his countenance and Behaviour from that day till the Day that he was compelled to present himself to the publict plaice of Preaching, did sufficientlie declare the Greif and Trobile of his Hairt, for no man saw ony signe of mirth of him, neither yit had he Plesour to accompany ony man, monye Days together." (Keith, book i. pp. 67-8.)

Knox was not, however, long permitted to exercise this precious vocation. In January Henry VIII. died, and shortly after him the King of France. John Rough took fright, and escaped to England. That country, however, not being sufficiently alive to the merits of his preaching, he extended his flight to the continent, where he ended his unquiet days in the homely and peaceful occupation of making stockings. Mr. Henry Balnaves and Norman Lesly were despatched to England from the castle. They found the court bent on precisely the same policy under the vice-regal rule of the Earl of Hertford, now Duke of Somerset, as was pursued by Henry. The annuities to the assassins were renewed. Lesly, whose hand had done the deed, was retained at court. Balnaves was sent back to intrigue to seduce the nobility from their allegiance to Scotland. It appears from a Ms. letter in the State-Paper Office, in London, from the Laird of Langton to the Protector Somerset, dated August 18, 1547, and one from Lord Grey to the same, August 28, that "so successful was Balnaves in his intrigues, that many of the Scottish nobles and barons showed a readiness to repeat the same disgraceful game by which they had enriched themselves under the former reign." (Tytler, vol. vi. p. 11.)



The conspirators, trusting to the support of England, had, writes Tytler, "on frivolous grounds, refused to abide by their agreement, when the Papal absolution arrived from Rome; and the governor, convinced that he had been *the dupe of a convention which they had never meant to fulfil*, was deeply incensed against them." Their guilty career was, however, drawing to its close. A fleet had now anchored in the bay, provided with munitions of war, against which the St. Andrew's rebels could not hope to hold out for forty-eight hours. The greater ordnance were raised by engines upon the abbey and college steeples; and when Knox looked upwards, and saw them pointing downwards right into the inner court of the castle, he set about, with great fervour, to rebuke the vices of those who had so lately endowed him with his vocation, and to foretell, with a holy inspiration, that God's judgments would speedily overtake them. And so they did. Within a week the fortress had capitulated. Knox and his vocation, together with his associates, were shipped off to France, where, some in prisons, some in the galleys, spent a few years of discipline very disproportionate to the horrible nature of their crimes. In 1550, Knox himself tells us, they were all released at the intercession of the queen dowager.

A discovery was made in the Castle of St. Andrew's, when it was taken, which was of more fatal import to Scotland than the vastest warlike preparations of her powerful neighbour. It explains to us too, still further, how a mere handful of assassins dared to maintain the fortress against the entire force of their native country, and affords a yet clearer revelation of the character of those men by whom Scotland was forced into bowing its neck to the Presbyterian yoke.

"In the chamber of Balnaves, the agent of the Castilians, was found a register-book, which contained the autograph subscription of two hundred Scottish noblemen and gentlemen, who had secretly bound themselves to the service of England. Amongst these were the Earls of Bothwell, Cassilis, and Marshal, with Lord Kilmaurs and Lord Grey. The noted Sir George Douglas, the brother of the Earl of Angus, had, it appeared, sent in his adherence by a secret messenger, whilst Bothwell had agreed to give up his castle of the Hermitage, and renounce all allegiance to the governor; for which service he was to receive in marriage the Duchess of Suffolk, aunt to the English monarch. So much was apparent to the governor; but other disgraceful transactions were in progress, of which he was ignorant. Lord Grey had not only himself forsaken his country, but was tampering with the Earls of Athole, Errol, Sutherland, and Crawford, whom he found well-disposed to declare their mind, provided they were 'honestly entertained.' He accordingly advised that some money should be given them according to their

good deserving. Glencairn at the same time transmitted to the protector a secret overture of service, in which he declared himself ready to assist the King of England in the accomplishment of his purposes; to co-operate in the invasion with his friends and vassals, who were favourers of the Word of God; and to raise two thousand men, who should be ready either to join the army or keep possession of Kyle, Cunningham, and Renfrew. He also gave assurances of the devotion of Cassilis and Lennox to the same cause; requested money to equip a troop of horse, with which he would hold the governor in check till Somerset's arrival; and added directions for the fortification of some 'notable strengths' on the east and west borders, by which the whole country might be commanded to the gates of Stirling. Not a year had elapsed since all these noble barons had solemnly given their adherence to the government of Arran; most of them had been appointed members of the privy council; they had approved in parliament of the dissolution of the marriage and peace with England; and they were now prepared to change sides once more, and promote the purposes of the protector. Even after such repeated falsehood, their overtures were graciously accepted; and they received a pardon for their desertion of their agreement with the late king, under condition that they should perform its conditions in every respect to his son and successor. It is material to notice these terms, as they prove, on the one hand, that, under the cloak of marriage, Edward, like his father Henry, concealed a design for the subjugation of Scotland; and, on the other, that the party who favoured this project were disposed to accomplish their purposes, although at the sacrifice of the independence of the country."\*

The Earl of Arran could be energetic at times. The discovery of this wholesale treachery prompted him to extraordinary exertions. An expedient was had recourse to never adopted save in rare emergencies. The fiery cross was sent forth, and traversed the length and breadth of Scotland. The patriotism of the nation was never in those days insensible to that holy summons. Thirty thousand men, in fighting order, mustered at Musselburgh. The English Protector, having marched without obstruction through the whole of Scotland south of the Forth, encamped near Preston, within sight of the Scotch army, on the 8th of September. Two unsuccessful attempts at negotiation were followed by the famous battle of Pinkie. The detail of battles does not enter into the design of these papers. One particular, however, of that dreadful day cannot be passed over. Still and calm, amidst the clang and clash of arms, there stood an array of men of peace.

\* Ms. State-Paper Office, entitled "Overture of Service and other Devices by the Earl of Glencairn." These important facts, which are new to this portion of Scottish history, were found in the original letters and overtures of the actors, preserved in the State-Paper Office.

In the foremost division of the Scottish army a large body of priests and monks, without armour or other defence, bore aloft a white banner, on which was depicted a crucifix, and at its foot a female praying, with the words, "*Afflictæ Ecclesiæ ne obliviscaris.*" With the peaceful weapons of the saints they were helping their country's defenders. Their prayers were not answered as man intended; but they sealed them with their blood. Fourteen thousand men were slain on this day;—a number equal to that of the whole English army. The field of Pinkie, and all the country between Dalkeith, and Edinburgh, and the Esk, were strewn thick with corpses. The cries of 360 widows in Edinburgh alone went up to heaven against England. "And on the field of battle," says one who saw it, "lay the bodies of multitudes of priests, who had gone down with the common soldiers into their country's grave." (Patten, p. 72.)

In this emergency, the conduct of the queen-mother saved her country for the time. The queen, her daughter, had, by an unforeseen Providence, narrowly escaped being conducted into England by a foreign army. Surrounded by a treacherous nobility, it was clear that Scotland was, for the present, an unsafe residence for her; and she conceived the prudent resolution of sending her to Scotland's old ally, the French court. Somerset got intelligence of this purpose, and, alarmed for its consequences, proposed an accommodation. But it was too late. His recent military excesses could not be so soon obliterated from the mind of the nation. His advances were rejected; hostilities were renewed. The English arms were every where successful; and Scotland was reduced to the very brink of despair. Just at this seemingly hopeless posture of affairs, a French fleet, to the infinite joy of the nation, appeared in the Firth. It brought strong reinforcements and able commanders. The governor immediately joined them with his troops. A meeting of the three estates was held (17th July, 1548), at which the proposed marriage of the infant Queen of Scots to the Dauphin of France was finally acceded to. Escaping an English fleet, which had been sent to interrupt the infant monarch, she sailed with her attendants from Dumbarton about 7th August, 1548, and arrived safely at Brest on the 13th.

The incapacity of the Earl of Arran to administer the affairs of the nation was now evident to every one. It was a difficult position enough for any one; but the earl was altogether inadequate to the task. The ambition which was his ruling passion was altogether of a selfish order; and as his objects were mean and trivial, so the means by which he



sought to compass them were feeble and vacillating. His best friends advised him not to risk being called to a strict account of his administration by a parliament when the young queen attained her majority.

He yielded at length to their counsel, received the Duchy of Chastelherault, an exoneration of his administration, and a declaration of his being the second person in the realm, and heir to the throne. Mary of Guise, the queen-mother, was proclaimed Regent, amidst the joy and congratulation of the nation, 12th April, 1554.

Edward VI. of England died on the 6th of July following, and was succeeded by the Princess Mary,—described by the Protestant Bishop Keith as “a woman of strict and severe life, and constant at her devotions; but violently addicted to the interests and humours of the Romish Church.” (Book i. chap. vi. p. 63.)

The queen-mother had now brought to a successful termination the first and most difficult stages of her policy. Throughout the progress of so delicate a transaction, she appears to have exhibited a full proportion of that address and political sagacity which distinguished her policy.

Meanwhile the ecclesiastical question had been working underground. Nevertheless, during the fourteen years that had passed since Sir Ralph Sadler brought into Scotland the English monarch's base proposal to confiscate the property of the Church, the “new opinions” had made no perceptible progress in the country.

National peace and prosperity were no congenial soil for their “growth.” They were evidently flickering in the socket; a few more such years, and they would have been extinguished in Scotland. But an ill-omened being, who loathed peace, was lurking at Geneva; and his unquiet eyes rested on his native country, which just now appeared to offer him an opening. Herds of self-constituted preachers, of low extraction, came swarming back to their country. These men were just the agents wanted for the revolutionary party. They settled here and there, up and down the country, chiefly in the western shires; and some in one way, and some in another, laboured busily to infect the people with the comfortable dogma, of which we cannot deny that they were consistent advocates, of “*living in sin, and dying in grace.*”

In this goodly company we again find John Knox. We left him in the galleys in France. Delivered thence by the merciful interference of Mary of Guise, he betook himself to the border-town of Berwick, with the view possibly of passing into his native country, if the state of affairs seemed to admit

of his doing so *with safety*, or, as he would himself express it, "if he saw a door opened to him by the Lord." The door, however, appeared to open the other way for the present; and he retired south as far as to Newcastle, whence he betook himself to London; which then, under the appropriate ægis of a boy of fifteen, was the common receptacle of all the heretical sweepings of Christendom.

No sooner, however, did the death of Edward VI. open the succession to a Catholic princess, than Knox, with that strong instinct of self-preservation which never abandoned him, betook himself with all speed to Germany. Frankfort appears to have been the place he first molested, where the English heretics made him their preacher. The propensity to treason of the man, however, and his overbearing insolence, could not be restrained even in the spot where he was experiencing a hospitable refuge. He embroiled himself even with his own fellow-religionists. And altogether his proceedings rendered him so obnoxious in a short space of time to the congregation of Anglicans at Frankfort, that he was compelled to decamp with all speed from Frankfort and from Germany, to avoid being apprehended as a conspirator and traitor. None of his visits to Geneva appear to have been long enough to allow him to embroil himself with his confederates there. And perhaps there was something in the overbearing violence of Calvin, and something, too, in his outrageous heresy, more congenial to Knox's temperament than the milder heresy of the Cranmer school. One key we shall always find to Knox's movements. Wherever his proper place was assigned him, he was restless until he had removed. His hatred of any superior to himself, of any authority to which he was *compelled* to defer, amounted to a passion. Only where his self-love was gratified to excess, and the *first place* was assigned him, could he bear to remain. Had he been king of Scotland, he would have shot the plotting barons in platoons, and strangled the "new evangel" at its birth. Had he lived in any other times, he would almost certainly have died the death of a felon; but being John Knox, in Scotland, in the reign of Mary Stuart, he was the vulgarest and most insolent of revolutionists.

Arrived at Geneva, he conceived a sudden affection for some flock or other in his native country. Judging from Rough's description, and from Knox's own, this precious flock was one which could inspire with affection none but the vilest of men. But bad or good, it was entirely dissipated.

But now, two years subsequently, the faithful in London, Newcastle, Berwick, and even in Amersham, are alike forgotten, and his affections are suddenly transferred to a flock

which he loved the more because it no longer existed. He first set up his tub in the house of one James Sim, a tradesman in Edinburgh. The size of his flock was for some time not encouraging. First, Erskine, the Laird of Dun, dropped in, who had been for some years the only consistent stay of the new opinions in Scotland; then one David Forress, who seems to have disliked the violence of the self-appointed preacher; then a female fanatic of the name of Elizabeth Adamson, who, groaning under the weight of a guilty conscience, appears to have been highly pleased with Knox's summary method of discharging it without submitting her to the sorrow of repentance. William Harlow, the quondam tailor, and the fallen Franciscan Willock, were labouring in the same vineyard, and cannot consequently be reckoned in the flock of Knox. At length Mr. Robert Lockhart became a hearer, and then William Maitland of Lethington, a clever man, but very treacherous, and a consummate intriguer. Knox quickly perceived, from conversations with these slender beginnings of "the Congregation of the Lord," that no more than an evangelical twilight had as yet dawned on Scotland. The "godly" had not as yet been fully inspired with a sense of the inexorable necessity of wholly separating themselves from a Church which had been that of their country ever since its conversion to Christianity, and of regarding as an abomination the services in which their ancestors had been wont to worship God for 1000 years. He therefore set himself immediately to work to inflame the slumbering embers of his hearers' zeal. The more influential of those whom he was to be reciprocally used by and use, were nothing loth to be convinced, or such silly arguments as Knox describes himself as having employed could never have weighed with such men as Maitland of Lethington.

From Edinburgh Knox repaired to Dundee, Calder, and elsewhere; and then betook himself for the second time to the efficient protection of the Laird of Dun. He was now becoming formidable. The ecclesiastical authorities at length thought it time for them to interfere. It was more a case of sedition than of heresy; and accordingly the civil executive was first invited to take cognisance of it. But the policy of the Regent did not admit, as yet, of her swerving from the conciliatory course she had been labouring to adopt towards the conspirators; and she requested the Bishops to treat it as an ecclesiastical affair entirely. Accordingly Knox was summoned to appear in the Church of the Black Friars in Edinburgh on the 15th of May. He did appear in answer to the summons; but guarded by Erskine of Dun and a strong body



of unscrupulous lairds. The Church, whose mission is peace, and not slaughter, could have nothing to do with such a contest, and the summons was withdrawn. The Regent was compelled, by the posture of affairs, for the present to wink at this outrage; and Knox continued to promulgate his violent views at Edinburgh. For ten days did he continue unmolested. At length, mistaking the cause of the Regent's temporary forbearance, he went so far as to address to her an epistle. But he had in Mary of Guise an auditor of different metal from the dull heads and selfish hearts of the lairds and barons of the English faction. A day or two after receiving it she handed it to the Archbishop of Glasgow, with the following just and pithy criticism: "Please you, my lord, to read a pasquil." Nothing in the whole course of his history seems to have mortified Knox so much as this laconic opinion, expressed by a personage whose criticism he had obtrusively invited. Meanwhile he was not being overlooked. On the contrary, a prison or a faggot were drawing uncomfortably near to him. No man ever had so keen a sense of impending danger; he snuffed it from as great a distance as camels are said to do water. In spite of all his professions, John Knox is again on his way to Geneva. Mother-in-law Betsy and wife Marjory have gone before. The whole family has decamped; and for no brief sojourn. When some of his auditors were pressing him to remain with them, his reply was, "That anis he must neidis visite that litill Flocke whiche the wickitnes of men had compellit him to leif." The real spur to his movements was a fresh summons of more ominous import than the last, which had just come to hand, supported, perhaps, with sufficient precautions against a similar occurrence to that of the 15th of May. His biographer, M'Crie, asserts that he fled for fear of his life; overlooking the circumstance that, in apologising for his flight, he is condemning him of falsehood and hypocrisy.

It is probable that the contents of Knox's "pasquil," which the Regent had handed to the Primate, convinced the ecclesiastics that such nonsensical raving could scarcely be gravely treated as mere heresy; accordingly, the other individuals who were lecturing about the country to a similar effect, as well as Knox, were summoned before the council for *sedition*. Knox had saved himself by flight: the rest appeared at the appointed time; but profiting by the example of Knox's previous appearance, they came with a larger and far more unscrupulous following. The petty lairds of the Mearns, accustomed to the barbarities of border warfare, and living almost by habit upon spoils and raids, and who had but just returned from

that service, thronged into Edinburgh, armed to the teeth, ready to defend at all hazards their tailor-preachers, who rendered them the unrequitable service of teaching them *religion without restraint*. The Regent, who might rather have apprehended the lawless roysterers as rebels, adopted the mild expedient of ordering them back to the borders for fifteen days. They refused obedience, broke with ruffianly violence into her privy chamber, covered their heads with their helmets in her very presence; regardless of her sex, menaced her and her counsellors with personal violence, and were only restrained by those sweet and engaging manners of the insulted lady which seemed able to allay the fiercest political storms.

The policy which the Regent was pursuing was surrounded with difficulties. The sedition, which thus early began to characterise the proceedings of the maintainers of the "new opinions," required stern measures of repression; but the prosecution of her great scheme for the stability of her daughter's throne made it impossible for her to throw that party into open hostility to her at present. This little affair resulted consequently in placing them for a while in a position of fuller toleration and security than ever. Thus emboldened, in March 1557, about seven months before the affair at Maxwell Heuch, and about nine months after Knox's flight to Geneva, the chief men of the party addressed a formal invitation to him to return. What is to be especially noted in this epistle is:

1st. That the definitely proposed point of attack is the monastic brotherhood, the rich charitable endowments of the Church, and those which had been first marked out to the barons as their prey by Henry VIII. And

2dly. That they were seeing "daylie the Frears in less estimation with" (Whom? the people? No! but) "both with the Quene's grace and the rest of the nobility of our realm."

Knox was nothing loth to comply with this invitation; and accordingly, in the midst of another sobbing scene (as he would have us believe) of his very "litill flocke" at Geneva, he hands the same over to the crook of another missionless shepherd, and, with mother-in-law and wife Marjory, departs on his homeward journey. We may form some idea of the consternation he must have been thrown into by the receipt of letters at Dieppe, advising him to remain where he was, and informing him that of "all thoīs that seamed most francke and fervent in the matter, sum did repent that evir ony suche thing was moved: sum war partlie aschamed; and utheris war abill to deny that evir they did consent to ony such purpos." In return, he composed an elaborate epistle to the four

barons who had invited him, one to the nobility of Scotland, and some to private individuals. The great points of these productions are: Flattery to the nobility, by covering their sordid purposes with a representation of their being redressers of wrongs, mixed with enough of solemn and religious exhortations to work upon the few sincere people amongst them, and to identify their cause with that of the rest of the Protestant world. The Lairds of Dun and Pitcarrow were those on whom he chiefly reckoned; and these, therefore, he addressed privately. Having despatched these missives, he awaited at Dieppe the result of these last efforts. They were successful beyond his expectations. They were dated 27th Oct. 1557; and in the following month a messenger from the same barons placed letters in his hands again urging his return. On the 7th of the following month, December, they met, composed, agreed upon, and signed, the following document:

“ We, perceiving how Sathan, in his members, the Antichrists of our Time, cruelly do rage, seeking to overthrow and to destroy the Gospel of Christ and His Congregation, ought, according to our bounden duty, to strive, in our Master's cause, even unto the death, being certain of the victory in Him. The which our duty being well considered, we do promise, before the Majesty of God, and His Congregation, that we (by His Grace) shall, with all diligence, continually apply our whole power, substance, and our very lives, to maintain, set forward and establish, the most blessed Word of God, and His Congregation; and shall labour, at our possibility, to have faithful ministers, truly and purely to minister Christ's Gospel and Sacraments to His people. We shall maintain them, nourish them, and defend them, the whole Congregation of Christ, and every member thereof, at our whole powers, and waging of our lives, against Sathan and all wicked power that doth intend tyranny or trouble against the forsaid Congregation; unto the which Holy Word and Congregation we do joyne us, and so do forsake and renounce the Congregation of Sathan, with all the superstitious Abomination and Idolatry thereof; and moreover shall declare ourselves manifestly enemies thereto, by this our faithful promise before God, testified to His Congregation, by our subscription at these presents. At Edinburgh, the 3d day of December, 1557 years, God called to witness, A. Earl of Argyle, Glencarne, Mortoun, Archibald Lord of Lorne, John Erskine of Dun, &c.”

[To be continued.]



## Short Notices.

### THEOLOGY, PHILOSOPHY, &c.

*God's Word the Basis of Faith: An Appeal to Common Sense, addressed to the Clergy and Congregations of St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, and St. Barnabas, Pimlico.* By Charles E. Parry, B.A., late curate of St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, on his submission to the Church of Rome. (Burns and Lambert.) We understand that that arch-impostor, Dr. Pusey, tells his followers that persons who become Catholics have not a word to say for themselves in defence of the step they take. Will Dr. Pusey try the experiment of letting some few of those who believe *in him* see this pamphlet, written by one of the last of the Anglican clergymen who have submitted to the Church? Here is Mr. Parry giving his late flock an account of his reasons for snapping asunder the ties of a whole life, while flesh and blood shrink from the suffering thus involved. He has not yet been a Catholic long enough to be "corrupted" by the influence of living Papists; indeed, it is clear from his appeal that it was written while he was still a Protestant, and knew Catholicism only from without. We challenge Dr. Pusey, then, to put his audacious assertions to the proof. Let him place these pages in the hands of conscientious Protestants, and await the result. The only condition we demand is, that Dr. Pusey himself should abstain from those abominable imputations upon *personal character* which we know that he is in the habit of casting *at the backs* of those who desert the Establishment;—imputations for which he will have to render an account which he little anticipates to One who judges all alike by the one law, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour."

As to Mr. Parry himself, he has our hearty congratulations on his escape from his bondage to a system which is as fatal to intellectual freedom as it is starving to the immortal soul. His appeal is one of the best that has been published by men in his circumstances, and he puts one or two of the points of the anti-Puseyite argument more forcibly than we remember to have seen them stated elsewhere. In one or two minor things he is not quite correct; but the general drift of his argument is perfectly unanswerable. *Blasés* as we ourselves are with books and pamphlets on the Anglican controversy, we found it difficult to leave his appeal unfinished when it was time to go to bed.

*Hours at the Altar, or Meditations on the Holy Eucharist.* From the French of M. Abbé de la Bouillerie, Vicar-General of Paris. Edited by Edward Caswall, Priest of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri. (Dublin, Duffy.) Devout persons who read French sometimes do foolish things. They meet with some book of prayers, or meditations, or what not, which they find soothing or otherwise useful to their own minds, and they forthwith think it ought to be done into English, and added to the heap of little good books which we already have, translated (usually very badly) from foreign languages. This, we think, is a great mistake. Books of no originality, whether of matter or manner, had better be left untranslated altogether. It does no good, but harm, to surfeit the market with pious but common-place productions. So far from helping the unlearned to choose suitable books for themselves, it creates a prejudice in very many minds against books of meditations and prayers altogether; and people come to fancy that because there are many dull and pious books, there is an inseparable connection between dulness and

piety. The fact is, it requires *genius* to write devotional books deserving of general circulation; and genius is ever less common than heroic sanctity. We say this on the present occasion, because M. de la Bouillerie's *Meditations* are deserving of translation, not only as able and original in themselves, and suited to Frenchmen and Frenchwomen, but as suited to Catholic Englishmen and Englishwomen, who, notwithstanding their unity of faith with their French neighbours, have minds cast in a mould somewhat different from the Gallic type.

The history of M. de la Bouillerie's book is very interesting. Ten years ago, he set up an association for adoring the Blessed Sacrament, *in spiritual communion*, during the night-time. The progress of the association is sketched in Mr. Caswall's brief preface to the present volume, which contains the instructions given to the members at some of their monthly meetings by M. de la Bouillerie.

They are intended by him as suggestions for the devout soul when adoring Jesus in the Holy Eucharist, whether sacramentally present or in spiritual communion. Used in this way, they appear to us quite admirable, and unlike any thing we have at present in our libraries. They take the form of reflections on various passages of Scripture, not always in their primary meaning applicable to the Holy Eucharist, but to the devout heart of the Christian really so. Their chief beauty lies in this delicate perception of the spiritual and mystical meaning of innumerable passages of the Bible: and on this account we think them more suitable to the English Catholic than many other French theological books adapted to the speculative and ultra-scientific cast of the French mind. If used as actual meditations, many persons will think them too exclamatory—not declamatory, for they are not so; true devotion is never declamatory. But if employed as their author designed them, they overflow with suggestions as practical as they are far removed from common-place. In a subsequent edition we should be glad to see an extensive expurgation of the notes of admiration with which the book is loaded; and were the editorship in our hands, we should have no scruple in striking out some of the "Oh's!" and "Ah's!" of the original; which are natural and effective when spoken with the simple unction of a French preacher, but sound the very reverse when coolly perused in print. Let us add a word of commendation too seldom merited in our devotional publications—the type is large, clear, and good-looking.

*The Codex Montfortianus: a Collation of this celebrated Ms. with the text of Wetstein and with certain Mss. in the University of Oxford.* By the Rev. O. T. Dobbin, LL.D., T.C.D., M.R.I.A. (London, Bagster and Sons.) To the lovers of biblical literature this volume cannot fail to be interesting. It professes to solve the problem of 300 years, and remove the obscurity which veiled the origin of a Greek Codex or Ms. copy of the New Testament, to which the controversy concerning "the three heavenly witnesses" has given a more than usual importance. The author informs us, as Simon, Griesbach, Michaelis, Porson, and Marsh had done before him, that the Dublin or Montfort Codex is the only Greek Ms. of any name in which the text of 1 John v. 7 is to be found. This Ms. he considers to belong to the latter part of the 15th or the beginning of the 16th century, and to have been copied in two of the Gospels (St. Luke and St. John) from the Ms. at New College, Oxford; in the Apocalypse from the Leicester Ms.; and in the Acts and Epistles from the Lincoln College (Oxford) Ms.,—a document of the 12th or perhaps the 11th century, but lacking the verse 1 John v. 7, which appears in its alleged copy, the Montfortian Ms.



Were the conclusions of our author as to the parentage of this famous Ms. to be admitted as well founded, its authority in critical and controversial questions would be of little weight. We do not think, however, that the verbal collation, instituted by the author and carried out with the most laborious accuracy, has issued in such proof. In the Acts alone, a comparison of the Montfort with the Lincoln Ms. exhibits 414 textual discrepancies, with 600 or more differences of orthography. We find it hard to reconcile such differences with the idea that one of these codices is a transcript from the other; the more so as the insertion of the much-contested verse, 1 John v. 7, would expose the copyist to the charge of manifest interpolation, that verse being found in the apograph, and not in the supposed original.

The Introduction, which forms a considerable part of the work, contains much matter that is interesting to biblical scholars. The history of the Montfort Ms., as also of the controversy regarding the "three witnesses," is ably sketched. The author, however, betrays an *anti-latinising* tone of mind: he appears to undervalue the authority, even in a critical point of view, of the Vulgate edition of the Bible; he mistakes, we think, the meaning of the Council of Lateran; and he leaves unnoticed documents recently brought to light by Cardinal Wiseman and others, which must have no small weight in influencing our decisions as to the genuineness of the far-famed passage 1 John v. 7, to which the Montfort Ms. owes its chief repute. We augur well, however, for the labours of the author, and we commend his volume to the perusal of those who are interested in antiquarian and biblical research.

*Notes on the Book of Genesis; with Illustrations from the Moham-medan and Hindoo Sources.* By Simon Casie Chitty, Esq., Ceylon Civil Service. (Colombo. Printed at the *Ceylon Times* Office.) A gratifying instance of what can be done by an official *employé* in the East in the service of religion. Mr. Chitty has published a Tamil version of the Book of Genesis, and he here gives in an English form the substance of the notes he appended to it. He speaks modestly of their pretensions; but they contain a great deal of curious information and valuable illustration. We should add, that Mr. Chitty is a Catholic, and dedicates his work to his friends the Missionaries-Apostolic, Fathers Oruna and Garcia.

*The One Primæval Language.* By the Rev. C. Forster. 3 vols. (London, Bentley.) Mr. Forster will have it that the language written in the strange characters scribbled on the rocks of the desert of Sinai, in the Egyptian hieroglyphics, and in the "nail-head" letters of Assyria and Persia, is all one—the one primæval language—which is no other than that old and disused portion of Arabic which may be found in Golius' Lexicon. In determining the value of letters, he only goes upon fancied resemblances of form to any known alphabets,—thus unconsciously assuming the original identity of all written letters; and founds his pretensions on a few certainly remarkable coincidences, where his words, interpreted according to the old Arabic roots, agree very well with the subjects and figures in juxtaposition with them. But, after all, his coincidences are not more strange than those discovered by Rawlinson and Champollion; and his interpretation of the inscriptions, instead of supplying the historical information which the other systems have brought to light, makes them a simple comment on the shapes and forms, such as a nursemaid of narrow intellect might extemporise for the amusement of a child of three years old.

But even supposing, by impossibility, that Mr. Forster should be right, that he gives the right sound to the letters, and interprets the



words aright by the aid of Golius' Arabic Lexicon,—to our minds this would not prove that the original language was one, and that that one was Arabic. We can never believe in the original unity of a tongue that has 360 names for lion. No people has ever been in circumstances so favourable to the aggregation of foreign roots as the Arabian. Wandering over Asia and Africa—a nomadic race among the fixed dwellings of Assyrians, Chaldeans, Persians, Egyptians, Phœnicians—it is no wonder that it picked up, and for the time held in solution, fragments of these languages, especially all the common words necessary for the usual intercourse of life; nor that these foreign admixtures gradually fell into disuse when the nations from whom they were borrowed fell into decay. The impression which we have received from Mr. Forster's arguments is, that the old Arabic, as he calls it, is rather the *débris* of successive skins, cast by the Arabs, in their historical progress, than the real genuine old language from which all the tongues of the earth are derived; that it is rather derived from them by temporary sojourn among the people that spoke them than they derived from it as the parent stock.

The author is so wild and enthusiastic in his theorising, that he allows himself to fall into sad blunders sometimes: *e.g.* Plutarch tells us that the *iri* in Osiris means "eye;" accordingly, Forster finds in Golius that *rîi* means *visus, quod videtur*. This he translates, "*The sight: what seeth; i.e. the eye.*" The author's intention was good,—to vindicate Scripture chronology from the attacks of the Egyptologues and others; but his labours do not seem to us to have accomplished that result.

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#### MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

*The Literary Life and Correspondence of the Countess of Blessington.* By R. R. Madden, M.R.I.A. 3 vols. (London, Newby.) As a general rule, revelations of the esoteric life of literary circles can only be made with the protest of literary men. And no wonder; for the pen of the biographer is generally a sword of Ahud, a manifestor of dirt. Dr. Madden is a very different practitioner in this line from Mr. Joseph Patmore, the publication of whose late work, "*My Friends and Acquaintance*," occasioned such annoyance to the world of letters. Dr. Madden has principle, religion, and sense, and tries as much as possible to throw the veil of mystery and incoherence over that which, too plainly stated, is revolting not only to morals but to taste; but after all, do what he can, his *dramatis personæ* are but a set of Aspasia and Alcibiades, of Sybarites and Cyprians. Those who are great with tongue or pen are sometimes great in no other respect; the literary is not the practical world.

Dr. Madden has here collected the letters written by and to the Countess of Blessington, and has prefixed to each person's correspondence a notice of his or her life; the whole being prefaced with a genealogical account of the family and the life of the lady and her husbands. There is a great deal of matter of a certain sort in the book, which we must repeat is written with all the delicacy possible under the circumstances. We extract the following from the notice of the Count d'Orsay. Dr. Madden visited him a few weeks before his death; he talked of Lady Blessington, and said of her, "with marked emphasis, 'In losing her I lost every thing in this world; she was to me a mother!—a dear, dear mother!—a true, loving mother to me!' While he uttered these words, he sobbed and cried like a child. And referring to them he again said, 'You understand me, Madden.' " . . . The writer con-

tinues: "I turned his attention to the subject I thought most important to him. I said, among the many objects which caught my attention in the room, I was very glad to see a crucifix placed over the head of his bed; men living in the world as he had done were so much in the habit of forgetting all early religious feelings. D'Orsay seemed much hurt at the observation. I then plainly said to him, 'The fact is, I imagined you had followed Lady Blessington's example, if not in giving up your own religion, in seeming to conform to another more in vogue in England.' D'Orsay rose up with considerable energy, and stood erect and firm with obvious exertion for a few seconds, looking like himself again; and pointing to the head of his bed, he said, 'Do you see those two swords?' pointing to two small swords that were hung over the crucifix crosswise; 'do you see that sword to the right? With that sword I fought in defence of my religion. I had only joined my regiment a few days, when an officer at the mess-table used disgusting and impious language in speaking of the Blessed Virgin. I called on him to desist; he repeated the foul language he had used; I threw a plate of spinach across the table in his face; a challenge ensued; we fought that evening on the rampart of the town, and I have kept that sword ever since.'"

Poor D'Orsay died in the Church; not so Lady Blessington, who, though always "a Catholic in heart," was taken away too suddenly to fulfil her vague intentions of some day changing her life. Dr. Madden talks on these subjects like a good Catholic, with a great tenderness for the memory of his friends; the only person against whom he is very spiteful is the Emperor of the French, to whom he denies honesty, religion, and talent; and all, apparently, because he neglected D'Orsay, who had had the imprudence publicly to characterise the *coup-d'état* of December 2d as a "political swindle."

Dr. Madden's volumes contain abundance of matter—indeed, perhaps, rather too much—but none of it of any high literary value. Lady Blessington herself was a good talker; but when she came to write, her superiority at once abandoned her. Her literary fame will depend on her conversational powers, not on the productions of her pen.

*Philip Lancaster.* By Maria Norris. (London, Saunders and Otley.) Maria Norris is thoughtful and clever; she says many good things, and there are several good points in the construction of her book; but on the whole it is not a good novel. We like its detached pieces better than its general effect. We quote a passage, to show the curious change in favour of the use of images which is coming over the English mind. Speaking of the dull and dry puritan education of the little hero, she says that it soon made him hate Westminster (the Westminster catechism) with all his heart; "and he might have come to hate his Bible too, but for an edition with plates, wherein one lovely picture of our Saviour blessing children caught the boy's fancy and touched his heart. Long after, when he listened to sermons against idol-worship and the adoration of pictures, he could not but blush to reflect that, as a boy, he even said his prayers with the book open at that place." In other words, the Protestant system would have made him an infidel, unless Providence had smuggled into his puritan house a little scrap of the Popish system to save him! How true and how common is this! In after portions of the book, the lady strives to imitate the sayings of transcendentalism, of which we cull a specimen: "There is poetry in every thing that does its true work properly; a clock that truly answers the goings of the great timepiece, the sun, is somewhat poetical; and, perhaps, the so-called visionary may at last turn out to be, in fact, the only practical man,"—a sentence about as sensible as clocks are poetical.



*The Old Chelsea Bun-House ; a Tale of the Last Century.* By the Author of "Mary Powell." (London, Hall, Virtue, and Co.) As a general rule, masquerading in the arts is a failure ; Eglintoun tournaments, Spohr's historical symphonies, hornpipes in fetters, Gothic revivals, suppers cooked after the receipts of Apicius, are all forced and unnatural, and end in nothing. In spite of the type, the capital letters, the italics, the Lady Bettys, and the scraps of language imitated from Addison and Pope, this is a tale of the day, and a very mild one too. Out of her wig and hoops, the author of "Mary Powell" is a very common-place miss.

*Handbook of Familiar Quotations, chiefly from English Authors.* New edition, with Index. (London, Murray.) A nice selection of our "household words," given for the most part to their original authors, and quoted with enough context to make their original meaning intelligible. It is a kind of supplement to the handbook of proverbs.

*Acts of the Early Martyrs.* By Mrs. Hope. (Dublin, Duffy.) This is the way to teach Church history to children. A professed history, all drawn out chronologically, and as full of hard dry dates as a herring is full of bones, is no fit food, we may rest assured, for the minds of young persons. Their interest lies in people, not in the causes and sequences of events ; in humanity in living action, not in "views" or disquisitions. Mrs. Hope has written a book for which all school-teachers ought to thank her. It does not pretend to originality, being designed for the Oratorian Schools of Compassion. The chief authority for its contents is Ribadeneyra's *Flores Sanctorum*. It gives the lives of the most celebrated martyrs during the ten general persecutions of the Christians in the early ages. The stories are told simply and earnestly ; and while avoiding the twaddle of those who think that to be *child-like* it is necessary to be *childish*, they are free from fine words, and from those declamatory flourishes which are equally unpalatable to the teachers and the taught.

1. *The Juvenile Annual.* (Duffy.) 2. *Genevieve of Brabant.* (Duffy.) Both of these little books are translated from the German of Canon Schmidt, long a favourite with so many young Catholic readers. The first of the two consists of a hundred short stories or fables, just the things for little children ; the second is historical in its foundation, and suited to rather a more advanced period of childhood. Both are pretty presents, and would be very useful in schools also.

*Poetical Works of James Thomson.* Edited by Robert Bell. (J. W. Parker and Sons.) A pleasantly-written anecdotal memoir of the amiable author of the "Seasons" prefaces the "Liberty" and various minor poems in this volume of Mr. Bell's series.

*The Life of William Etty, R.A.* By Alexander Gilchrist. 2 vols. (London, Bogue.) We have little sympathy with the conceit and affectation of the author of this biography, who, in his omission of copulas and relatives, imitates the brevity of the grocer's bill or the copying clerk ; nor with the protests he thinks it necessary to make against Etty's politics. Etty himself is, however, a most attractive character. When we looked on the shaggy dervish that he called a St. John, at the unhappy head of our Lord in the Vernon Gallery, at the naked nymphs he was so fond of depicting, we never supposed that he was the gentle, simple-hearted, childlike, pure, homely, unsophisticated, enthusiastic being he is described to have been. An innocent man he was in all senses ; there was nothing gloomy, nothing mysterious about him ; his ends and objects were all confessed with most open-hearted simplicity ; he dearly loved a little fame and notoriety ; he had the very laudable desire to accumu-



late an independence, chiefly for the sake of those to whom he owed a debt of gratitude for helps in his own early struggles. Never cast down except by other people's misfortunes; never, like Haydon, sulky or neglectful. His faults rather those of a child than of a man, and his pleasures the mildest and most domestic that can be imagined. He is quite the ideal that seems to have floated before the mind of Thackeray in depicting artist-life and manners in some of the numbers of "The Newcomes." Religiously, he was almost a Catholic; possibly, if he had been a little worse man, if his conscience had been more burdened, he would have perceived the moral necessity, as well as the æsthetic beauty of the Church, and would have made his submission. He could not leave the Anglican Establishment while it retained York Minster (to which he was so attached as to call it his bride) and Westminster Abbey. His tastes led him to associate with Herbert, and with Pugin (who very likely called him "a Preadamite, my dear Sir," as he did a friend of ours who defended the "nude") to attend functions at Oscott, to abuse Henry VIII. and the Reformation, but no more. We are afraid we must agree with the biographer, who calls him an amateur Romanist, like many of his temperament, who read the *Ages of Faith* with much gusto, mourned over our ruined abbeys, set up in his bed-room a *dilettante* altar with crucifix and pictures, and "beneath the crucifix a silvery butterfly, emblem of the soul, enriched with a crown of thorns in wrought silver, a chalice, a row of Catholic beads and cross, three ancient books (centuries old)," and under it apparently a skeleton. Very much like certain Oxonian oratories that some of us have been acquainted with, and about as much to the purpose. It is probably superfluous to say, that Etty was one of the greatest masters of colour; we cannot say so much for his forms. His writings show that he had not head enough ever to make a Michael Angelo or a Raphael.

*Haps and Mishaps of a Tour in Europe.* By Grace Greenwood. (London, Bentley.) Grace is a strong-minded American lady, whom we could well fancy haranguing about the rights of women, and the progress of the race. She is false, vulgar, bombastic, conceited, and every thing that is most disagreeable in an author. For the sake of a fine turn to her sentence, she describes things that certainly never existed; as if it were her object to let the world know Grace Greenwood's eloquence, instead of recording what she had seen and heard. It is a book that no one can for a moment trust, though he may amuse himself for a few minutes with its absurdities. Her faculty of admiration seems to require a new degree of comparison; she should try the hypersuperlative. Instead of mighty, astounding, &c. she might (for an experiment) say "beautifulestest," which would not be a greater departure from pure English than several of her phrases.

*Abridgment of the History of England*, by John Lingard, D.D., with *Continuation to the present Time*; by James Burke, Esq. (Dolman.) Mr. Burke has gone upon a good plan in compiling this very useful book, not abridging *every thing*, and presenting unlucky boys and girls with the dry bones of history, but cutting out minor facts, re-writing only what was necessary, and giving the more important portions of Lingard in the historian's own words. He has done his work well, and the result is very satisfactory. We do not know a more readable abridgment of any book. The continuation to the present time is necessarily brief, but is unpretending and sound.

*The Origin and Progress of the Mechanical Inventions of James Watt*, illustrated by his *Correspondence with his Friends*, and the *Specifications of his Patents*. By J. P. Muirhead. 3 vols. (London, Murray.) Watt was a great man, but not quite so great as his admirers

represent him. He made steam the serviceable power that it now is by the addition to the old "fire-engine" of a simple contrivance (a separate condenser), that seems as easy and as natural as Columbus's mode of making an egg stand on end, and which has made detractors, like Mr. Tredgold, depreciate the value of the invention, because they say it was so obvious that it must have come in a few years, suggesting itself probably to many minds at once. He also introduced several other wonderfully ingenious contrivances, and was besides the first discoverer of the composition of water. He was a man of great kindness of disposition, and a most pleasant converser, whose friendship was sought for and valued by all kinds of men; a Scotchman, but no starched Presbyterian; a good old Tory; perhaps given to swear a little, and certainly addicted to working at his craft on Sundays. But all this, we submit, does not make Watt a demigod, nor even a hero; he is a great man, a wonderful man, if you will, but hardly one to be religiously venerated, and not spoken of except in texts of Scripture. Yet Mr. Muirhead (with not a little national pride) here offers him to the "worshipping pilgrim," tells us that those who met him accidentally reflected afterwards on his conversation, as though they had "entertained an angel unawares," talks of secrets being "revealed to him which hitherto had been hidden even from the wise and learned," with several similar misapplications of scriptural phraseology. He even carries out his reverence so far as to call his idea of Watt a creed, and to imply that a man who thinks that Watt was a radical is a heretic, and to blame a certain statesman, who gave utterance to this "erroneous doctrine," and another "able and usually accurate person" who has repeated "the same creed." In a similar way the abortive attempts of his rivals are characterised as being in bodily presence weak, and in work contemptible; as if Watt were a new avatar or incarnation of the same Power which the Apostles and Evangelists describe, so as to have a prescriptive right to the use of their consecrated titles.

At the opening of his memoir, Mr. Muirhead contends that inventors approach somewhat more nearly than their fellows to the qualities and pre-eminence of a higher order of being, and that our ideas of God's wisdom are much enhanced by the consideration that He was capable of creating Watt, whose mind devised mechanism at once so simple and so sublime. A few pages further on he tells us, that the direction was perhaps given to Watt's talents by the sight of two portraits of Newton and Napier which hung in his father's house, and that thus the philosopher was "nurtured at the feet of two venerable masters," that he "early and long gazed upon the light of their countenances, and imbibed his first acquaintance with their works of fame, as it were, under the sanction of their very presence and eye."

The three volumes before us consist, first, of a memoir, interesting as a life of Watt, and amusing as a specimen of an exaggerated worship of (Scotch) heroes; secondly, of extracts from those letters of Watt to his friends which bear upon the progress of his studies and inventions; thirdly, of the specification of his patents, with an appendix containing reports of the actions which he brought against persons for piratical infringement of them. The first part is the only one which commends itself to the ordinary reader, and this will be found really worth perusal.

*Leaves from a Family Journal.* From the French of Emile Souvestre. (Groombridge and Sons.) The interest of *Leaves from a Family Journal* lies in the quiet and delicate delineation of the domestic history of a married couple. The events are simple, and even ordinary; and the personages are ordinary also, though with sufficiently marked traits of character to give them life and variety; but

there is a vein of good sense and good feeling, and an absence of caricature and exaggeration running through the whole, which makes the story very pleasant and readable. It is a gratifying specimen of modern French fiction; and, like so many other symptoms, shows the marked change that is taking place in the middle and upper classes of our neighbours. We suspect, at the same time, that the translator has omitted some phrases here and there, to suit the Protestantism of England, and so rather marred the whole. It is absurd, too, to make an old French woman talk of "The whole Duty of Man," "The Complete Housewife," and "The Little Warbler," as the books of her childhood. The translator would have done better to leave the titles of the French books named in the original.

*The Historical Pocket Manual for 1855.* By Dr. Bergel. (Trübner and Co.) A useful record of the chief events of the year 1854, written in English by a German, printed at Paris, and published in London.

*Habits and Men.* By Dr. Doran. (London, Bentley.) 2d edition. We do not wonder at the popularity of this book; it is one of a kind common in France, and gaining vogue in England. A subject—the more trivial the better, fish and fishing, cookery, cravats, dancing, or dress,—is chosen, and all kinds of anecdotes, raked up from all sources, arranged round the central idea, sometimes in a way to make it a suggestive treatise on philosophy, as Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus," sometimes only an amusing book for the idler, like the present work. It is necessary, however, to warn our readers, that Dr. Doran never omits an opportunity of a sneer at Catholic manners, persons, or things; we will not quote any of the offensive matter, as our readers may find the following old epigram more to their purpose. In it Sir John Harrington describes the progress of swearing in England:

"In older times an ancient custom was  
To swear in weighty matters by the mass;  
But when the mass went down, as old men note,  
They swore then by the cross of this same groat;  
And when the cross was likewise held in scorn,  
Then by their faith the common oath was sworn;  
Last, having sworn away all faith and troth,  
Only 'God damn them' is their common oath.  
Thus custom kept decorum by gradation,  
That, losing mass, cross, faith, they find damnation."

*A Tour round my Garden;* from the French of Alphonse Karr. Revised and edited by the Rev. J. G. Wood. Illustrated. (Routledge.) The author depreciates the value of foreign travel, before making oneself acquainted with the wonders of nature that lie under one's nose at home. Many interesting particulars of natural history are expounded in a manner very superior to that of the general run of writers on this subject; for they are mixed with touches of human life and character, which give the book a peculiar and original stamp. We can recommend it.

*The Curate of Overton.* 3 vols. (Hurst and Blackett.) We notice this to warn readers off a production whose stupidity is only equalled by its bigotry. Rome is the nightmare of the writer of this novel.

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#### FOREIGN LITERATURE.

*Tableau Analytique de l'Histoire Universelle, présenté d'après les vrais Principes, pour servir de guide dans les Etudes historiques.* Par B. H. Freudenfeld, de la Compagnie de Jésus, Professeur d'Histoire au



Collège Saint Michel, à Fribourg, en Suisse. Paris, Poussielgue-Rusand Libraire. (London, Burns and Lambert.) This work of Father Freudenfeld, a learned Jesuit, is the manual of universal history that we should wish to see in the hands of students, as particularly suited to the present day; and not only in the hands of students, but of every one who has leisure for making himself acquainted with the philosophy of history. The study of history, at all times so necessary for the education of the human mind, and as an auxiliary to faith, is now of paramount importance. The course of studies by which the young are tutored and disciplined will effect but little good result, unless they learn to judge the exploits of great men, the rise and fall of nations, and the events of past ages, by their relation to the narrative of the progress of the human race as viewed under the guidance of God's providence for certain supernatural ends. Moreover, in the present stage of human progress, when blinded reason has nearly exhausted itself in unsuccessful attacks upon divine faith, and in despair seeks to countenance its errors by an appeal to the testimony of the past as upholding its sophisms, history becomes the special arm of the defender of Catholic doctrines, whereby he can point out the recorded condemnations of resuscitated delusions, and detect the perversions of facts which abound in our current literature. We recommend Father Freudenfeld's work to students as a trustworthy guide to the science of history, explaining its true principles, its prophetic character, its leading facts, its lessons of reproof and encouragement, and its necessary dependence and connection with the progress of man under the action of Divine Providence.

*Lettres sur Bossuet.* Par M. Poujoulat. (Paris, Vaton.) M. Poujoulat is rather a meritorious and industrious than an interesting scribe. The present volume derives its origin from an Austrian statesman's wishing to know Bossuet without reading him; the author therefore undertakes, in a series of letters, to set forth the literary character of the great orator, and to furnish an analytical sketch of his works. For ourselves, we would rather make acquaintance with Bossuet by reading 440 pages of his own writings, than by toiling through half the same number of M. Poujoulat's. As a substitute for the reality, the book is too long; as an accompaniment, it is superfluous. It has not the merit of painting a life-like portrait, nor of giving an idea of character by a few rapid sketches and well-selected quotations. It is, on the contrary, laborious and heavy; though naturally a man who studies Bossuet must occasionally write good and interesting things.

*Explication du Catéchisme à l'usage de toutes les Eglises de l'Empire français.* (Lyon and Paris, Pélagaud.) A book which may pretend to considerable authority. Its expositions are very clear, without being very profound, and we can find no traces of Gallicanism in it.

*Direction pour la Conscience d'un Jeune Homme pendant son Education.* Par M. l'Abbé Herbet. (Paris and Lyon, Perisse.) The first part of this book consists of prayers selected from the *Imitation of Christ*, and is of course admirable. In the second the author speaks for himself, and speaks as a fashionable preacher of the Madeleine, more poetically than to the purpose. His clouds of metaphors hide, not express, his meaning. Neither is he very exact when he affects for the time the philosophical form.

*Gloire à Marie! Recueil de nouveaux Cantiques.* Par Hermann. (Paris and Lyon, Perisse, frères.) The author of these hymn-tunes was a pianist of some celebrity in France, who was converted, and is now a

Carmelite Father. This is the first offering which he has made of the art which he formerly used for far other purposes. There are altogether thirty-two melodies, all of them decided and effective, if not very original; and harmonised in a manner that shows that the good father knows very well what he is about.

*The Destiny of Man; an Explanation, &c. (De la Destinée Humaine; Explication du Symbole de Foi Catholique.)* Par M. L'Abbé H. Duclos. (Paris, Ch. Dounoil.) This is the first goodly volume of a bulky series of religious books, which the learned author proposes to extend to thirteen volumes of from 500 to 600 pages, comprising a complete exposition of Christianity, speculative and practical, in its relation to modern ideas and requirements. The idea is of course a very grand one; it is, in fact, *the* idea which is at the foundation of all modern religious works of any pretension to science. And the execution of this first volume is by no means bad, though its method is not scientific. This we think rather a mistake: we think that its really excellent thoughts might do a great deal of good to young men; but that they will be repelled by the rhetorical prolixity, and the peculiar flowery pulpit-diction in which they are enveloped. When we are debating a great question, we like to put aside as impertinences such phraseology as this: "A cry resounds in the universe of worlds, a word escapes spontaneously from every human breast, as naturally as the bird sings, or as the flower exhales its perfume; a song is reverberated from age to age by all the echoes of creation; this song, this word, this cry, proclaim, 'I believe in God.'"

When the author descends from his stilts, he talks very excellent sense. Take as a specimen the following answer to the modern school of hell-extinguishers, who think that eternal punishment is a mediæval and barbarous fiction: "If heaven were destined for all alike . . . . . the present life would be a mere comedy, without justice and without grandeur . . . . . At our creation God would, as it were, have said to us, 'Pass a few fleeting days on this earth; be just, or be sinners, it does not signify; after a few years in hell you shall all come sooner or later to heaven; I have prepared the same destiny for all, whether good or bad. Messalina and St. Teresa, Nero and St. Vincent de Paul, shall shake hands in the same Paradise. Live, therefore, as you please. As for the Incarnation, and the Redemption . . . . . their action is very limited. God shall become man, He shall die; not to release men of good-will from hell, and to merit heaven for them; no, Jesus Christ shall die for the convenience of those who do not relish passing a short time in hell, and who like to get to heaven by a more comfortable process. Have no fear of a lasting hell; you must all come to heaven at last: all, whether apostles, martyrs, or murderers, men of sacrifice, or men of passion.'"

*Les Enfants Illustres. Contes Historiques.* Par Feu Mde. Eugénie Foa. Plates (Paris, Bédelet). Accounts of children who afterwards became illustrious, such as Gutenberg, Sixtus V., Rubens, Mozart, &c. The stories are all moral and amusing, and a little more secular than we are accustomed to in pious children's books. We don't at all object to this. The plates are in the style of the prints which adorn bonbon boxes.

## Correspondence.

## THE PHILOSOPHY OF ST. THOMAS.

*To the Editor of the Rambler.*

DEAR SIR,—You will oblige me by allowing me to add in your present number a few words, chiefly in explanation of my former letter.

1. I never intended to deny to the “Author of the article on Magic,” or to any one else, the full right to controvert any philosophical opinion of St. Thomas. Let it first be clear that a given proposition is contained in the writings of the holy doctor, or can be logically deduced from them, and then I should consider it absurd to deny to any one the full right to refute it if he can. With respect to purely metaphysical questions (and of these *alone* I am speaking) I may not consider it *advisable* to attack them, on the same principle that I should not think it prudent for a man to run his head against a wall; but as for the *right*, I conceive it to be in either case beyond dispute. The charge, therefore, which I brought against the author of the article on magic, was not in the least that he had presumed to attack the philosophy of St. Thomas; but first, that he had attributed to him conclusions which seemed to me to be neither contained in his writings nor deducible from them; and secondly, that there was a little want of respect in the manner in which this was done.

2. I am sorry that I misunderstood the words in which the Reviewer commented on the quotation from St. Thomas, viz. “Here we have the admission that the essential knowledge of a thing is equivalent to a power of effecting it.” I certainly did take these words to imply that St. Thomas *admitted* the doctrine in question. It seems, however, that this was merely one of the Reviewer’s “own conclusions,” which, as he says, St. Thomas “would not have received for a moment.” The question, therefore, lies between St. Thomas and the Reviewer; the former virtually denying, the latter actually affirming, the validity of the said conclusion. I will not, therefore, further interfere in the dispute; but will leave it to the judgment of those who please to read the passage and test the validity of the inference.

3. With regard to the second passage, I must beg pardon of the Reviewer for having charged him with a misquotation, as it appears to have been correct according to the Venice edition. It was differently worded in the three editions (including the Roman edition) which I examined. I was not before aware that the Venice edition enjoyed among critics so high a reputation. But the truth is, my real objection was to the interpretation of the passage by the Reviewer, and not to the words upon which this interpretation was grounded. Now this objection applies equally to the meaning which he gives to the passage as it stands in the Venice edition. The entire sentence, taking it from the text of the Venice edition, is as follows: “*Intellectus cognoscit lapidem secundum esse intelligibile quod habet in intellectu, in quantum cognoscit se intelligere; sed nihilominus cognoscit esse lapidis in propriâ naturâ.*” The Reviewer here understands St. Thomas to say that man’s intellect “knows the essence of external objects,” and “possesses these objects in essence.” I am not very clear about the meaning of this latter phrase; but I take it to mean, that the intellect actually contains in some way the essence of the thing known. Observe, that I am not now discussing the truth of this doctrine, but merely the interpretation of the passage. Is this then the meaning of St. Thomas? I



confess I cannot see even an allusion to it. The sentence seems to me to mean no more than this—The intellect, when it has the knowledge of any external thing, as, for example, a stone, has in reality two objects of its knowledge, a proximate and a remote object, as they are sometimes termed. It has for the proximate object of its knowledge the notion or idea of a stone which is contained in the mind, inasmuch as it knows from consciousness its own affections and operations; but at the same time it also recognises the remote object external to itself, viz. the actual *existence* of the stone with its distinct properties. Divested of its scholastic form, this I conceive to be the clear meaning of the passage, and not that the mind comprehends or possesses in any way the real *essence* of the stone. With this I leave it to the decision of such of your readers as will take the trouble to examine the context, whether I or the Reviewer have more correctly interpreted the passage.

4. With respect to the doctrine that God contains in Himself the perfections of all created natures, it does not properly come within the scope of my remarks, as I merely proposed to show that certain statements were *not* contained in St. Thomas, and not to defend his undoubted opinions. But, I may ask, does the Reviewer really deny that God, as the cause of all, contains in some way beyond our comprehension whatever perfections He has given to His creatures? I cannot suppose that he denies this; for if it were not true, what would become of the metaphysical axiom, "*Nihil potest esse in effectu, quod non sit in causâ?*" Hence I am at a loss to conceive what want of "philosophical accuracy" can be found in the use of such expressions as "*eminenter*," "*eminenteriori modo*," and the like. If it be true that all the perfections with which God has endowed His creatures are contained in Him who gave them, but yet in a manner immeasurably more perfect, and at the same time quite beyond our comprehension, this truth seems to be most philosophically expressed by such terms as enable us to state the fact, without pretending to define the mode.

5. Lastly, the Reviewer states in the postscript to his letter that the doctrine of the magicians, viz. that "because we partake of the knowledge of God, and this knowledge is the cause of things, our knowledge also is in its measure the cause even of external things," is a conclusion logically necessary from the premises of the Thomist philosophy.

This I beg respectfully but distinctly to deny; and for the following reasons:

1<sup>o</sup>. Though it seems to have been the opinion of many eminent men that man's reason is a direct participation of the light of God, in the sense that we really see whatever we can understand *objectively* in God, this is *not* the doctrine of St. Thomas. He lays it down that this is a kind of knowledge reserved for the life to come, and that at present we only see things in God "*causaliter*," as he expresses it, that is, the light of God is the cause of all our knowledge, just as the sunlight is the cause of our natural vision. (*Sum.* I. 84-5.) He considers our reason as something created, distinct from, though resembling, the light of God; and calls it "*quædam similitudo increatæ veritatis*," and again "*participata similitudo luminis increati*."

2<sup>o</sup>. But, granting it to be the doctrine of St. Thomas, in any sense the Reviewer pleases, that man's reason is a participation of the light of God, does it logically follow, that because we partake of the knowledge of God we must therefore of necessity partake of His power?

The Reviewer attempts to show that this conclusion does logically follow, by stating that St. Thomas makes the knowledge of God the cause of all things; and hence he concludes, if we partake in this know-

ledge, we must also of necessity participate in the power or causality included in it.

To this I answer: St. Thomas does *not* say in the passage referred to that the knowledge of God is of itself the cause of things, but only, as he expresses it, "*secundum quod habet voluntatem conjunctam.*" Nay, he expressly says in the same article, that to knowledge considered by itself *no causality* can be referred, "*scientiæ non competit ratio causalitatis, nisi adjunctâ voluntate*" (ad. 1). St. Thomas himself clearly explains in what sense he understands the proposition that the knowledge of God is the cause of things; for he says that the knowledge of God has the same relation to the things He creates as the knowledge of an artist to the objects which his art produces. In other words, created things exist as they are because God has so conceived and known them from eternity. Technically speaking therefore, the knowledge of God is what is called in ontology the "*causa exemplaris*" of all created things, and not, as the Reviewer implies, the "*causa efficiens.*" This latter kind of causality must be attributed to the *will* of God, if we make a distinction between His attributes. Hence the premises and logical conclusion of the Reviewer must stand thus: The knowledge of God is the cause of things (*i. e.* the "*causa exemplaris*," or model, after which all things were made). Man's knowledge is a participation of the knowledge of God; therefore man's knowledge is, in its measure, the cause of things (*i. e.* the efficient or productive cause).

Whatever may be thought of the premises, a conclusion which takes such liberties with the major term can hardly be said to be "logically necessary." I trust the Reviewer will not suppose for a moment that I mean to charge him with this false logic. I merely maintain, that if he professes to draw his premises from St. Thomas, the major premiss must stand as above.

I remain, dear Sir, yours very truly,

W.

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[The foregoing letter reached us too late for earlier insertion. In order to close the discussion, which we must now do, we insert at once the concluding remarks of the writer of the articles. Ed. Rambler.]

DEAR SIR,—I will make a few observations on W.'s second letter, paragraph by paragraph.

1. The only conclusion which I attribute to St. Thomas, as his own, is, that "knowledge is impossible unless the intellect, in some real and actual, though immaterial way, contains the thing known." Such an axiom, I say, presents a firm foundation for the flimsy superstructure of magic, because it is natural to think that man has power over what he possesses; but if to controvert St. Thomas's metaphysics is to run one's head against a wall, I certainly do so, and that deliberately. His whole theory of forms seems to me quite wrong. As I understand him, he says: The forms of all things pre-existed from eternity in the Divine essence, and at the moment of creation were impressed on matter, to which they gave its first real existence, and thereby constitute the essence and the species of material things. These forms are conveyed by the senses from the material objects to the human intellect, which they inform or mould, and which, by this process, becomes able to understand things which have the forms with which itself is thus endowed or informed. Thus, the form of a stone is conveyed to the mind, and the intellect becomes saxiform or stone-shaped; and being in the form of a stone, can understand stone, and so on. This theory certainly seems open to very great objections.



2. I willingly own that I was not clear either in my language or my ideas as to how far St. Thomas owns the second step in the magical philosophy, viz. that the mind has power over the forms which it possesses. The only thing that my argument required, was the proof of the proposition expressed in the opening sentence of this letter. I wished to show that, on such a foundation, many absurdities naturally get built; and I thought I saw indications of some of them in St. Thomas. W., who knows St. Thomas much better than I do, says they are not there. If not, I say it is because his theology corrects his philosophy, and prevents its following out its natural development.

3. In the third paragraph, it certainly appears to me that W. "divests St. Thomas's words of their scholastic form," to the extent of explaining his meaning away,—treats him, in fact, as the Protestant treats an awkward text. St. Thomas says: "The intellect knows the stone by the intelligible *esse* that it (the stone) has in the intellect, so far forth as it (the intellect) knows its own act of intelligence;" *i. e.* the mind knows the stone as it exists in the intellect, *i. e.* so far forth as the intellect has become saxiform or stone-shaped, by receiving the impression of the form of the external stone; "but, nevertheless,"—*i. e.* in spite of this knowledge being apparently only subjective,—"it (the intellect) knows the *esse* of the stone in its proper nature" (as object). Now, the question is, Does this *esse* mean essence, or simple existence? Does it mean that the mind only knows *that* the stone exists, or that it knows *what* it is? To help us to the answer, it is clear that *esse* must mean the same thing in both clauses. But, in the first, the intelligible *esse* of the stone is certainly its *form*, its essential idea; in the second, it must therefore be its real essence: ideal essence in the first, real essence in the second. The intellect not only judges that a something somehow corresponding to its idea of stone exists externally, but that the essence or form of this external something is the same as that which at the moment is giving its shape to the intellect. W.'s explanation I can accept as good in philosophy; but it does not seem to me to express the idea of Aristotle or of St. Thomas. In fact, it would be almost impossible to teach St. Thomas now-a-days in the sense in which he was taught of old.

4. I do not object to the poetical and rhetorical statement, that all the perfections of creatures pre-exist in some mysterious way in God, but only to the philosophical application of this statement to the "forms by which each thing receives its specific constitution." I would rather deny the axiom, "*Nihil potest esse in effectū quod non sit in causā,*" than affirm that the essence of God comprehends the constitutive forms of all creatures. Indeed, this axiom seems applicable only to what St. Thomas calls univocal causes,—as communication of motion by a moving body, and generation of man by man; and even then, sometimes, it is only true in a very far-fetched sense. To say that the æquivocal cause contains its effects seems often quite without sense, as in St. Thomas's perpetual illustration of the axiom, "As the sun contains the things (plants, &c.) which it generates." To say that the will has power to do this or that, is true; but to say that therefore this or that is virtually contained in the will, is a very different thing, and seems to me to be an abuse of words. I do not see how it is in any sense true that the steam-engine was virtually contained in the mind of the infant Watt, or Newton's astronomy in the mind of Euclid. We might as well say, that when we know that two straight lines cannot enclose a space,—that the whole is greater than its part, &c.,—we virtually know, or as good as know, that the three intersections of opposite sides of a hexagon inscribed in a circle must be in the same straight line; or, in fact, that all mathemati-



cal propositions, with their proofs, are virtually contained in the mind of any peasant, because the mathematical faculty is a part of the human mind. Let us leave theology out of the question, and then I should like to have a proof or an explanation of how the æquivocal cause contains its effects.

5. St. Thomas makes human intelligence differ from the divine in its being created and finite; but in its mode of action, viz. understanding things by means of their intelligible forms, he makes it similar. The Divine mind possesses from all eternity the forms of things, and in time confers them on creatures; the human mind abstracts them from its sensation of created things, and understands the objects by them. But the human and divine intelligence agree in this, that both are a comprehension of forms; human of some forms, divine of all. Hence the intelligible object is the same in both cases, viz. the *form*; and thus, though God knows all forms, and we only know some, yet, as far as we know things, we "see them as God Himself sees them"—"we form concerning external things the same ideas that God Himself has of them."

Our knowledge, then, as far as it goes, has the same character as the Divine knowledge; that is, it contains the forms of the things known. Now it is by the participation of these forms that created things exist; the way to make a thing, therefore, is to transfer its form from the mind to matter.

Here then is the case: both God and man hold within them (never mind whence derived) the forms which constitute the realities or the essence of things. Now as God by an act of will impresses the forms in His Intellect on external things, what is to prevent man, whose will as well as his intellect is in the image of God's, from doing the same? The magicians affirmed that they had this power; and the belief in the power was a logical, *i. e.* a reasonable, deduction from the principle that our knowledge is in its measure the same as the Divine, viz. a comprehension of forms.

I never pretended that magicians supposed that their knowledge produced its effects involuntarily. I should represent their argument thus:

The Divine knowledge (*adjunctâ voluntate*) is the cause of things; human knowledge is (as far as it goes) of the same nature as the Divine; therefore human knowledge (*adjunctâ voluntate*) is, as far as it goes, the cause of things.

The magician's knowledge is the *causa exemplaris*, his will the *causa efficiens*, by which he conveys the form from his mind to external things.

Or, in words which Brownson puts into the mouth of an American transcendentalist, "Ideas are the essences, the realities of things. Seek ideas; they will take to themselves hands." I conceive that on the Thomistic system there is no *à priori* answer to this. If our mind, so far as it knows any thing, partakes of the forms which are in the Divine mind, and if these forms, by the mere act of the Divine will, generate the forms of created beings, what objection is there, prior to experience, against the will of man having a similar projecting and realising power with regard to the forms contained by *his* mind? And if the magician chooses to say that his experience shows him he has this power, what business have you, on the Thomistic principles, to tell him it is the devil, when those principles themselves afford a very natural solution of the alleged facts? On the Thomistic principles magic may be an exceptional and abnormal power; but it is a natural prerogative of the human mind, not the result of diabolical agency.

I am, dear Sir, yours very truly,

THE WRITER OF THE ARTICLES ON MAGIC.